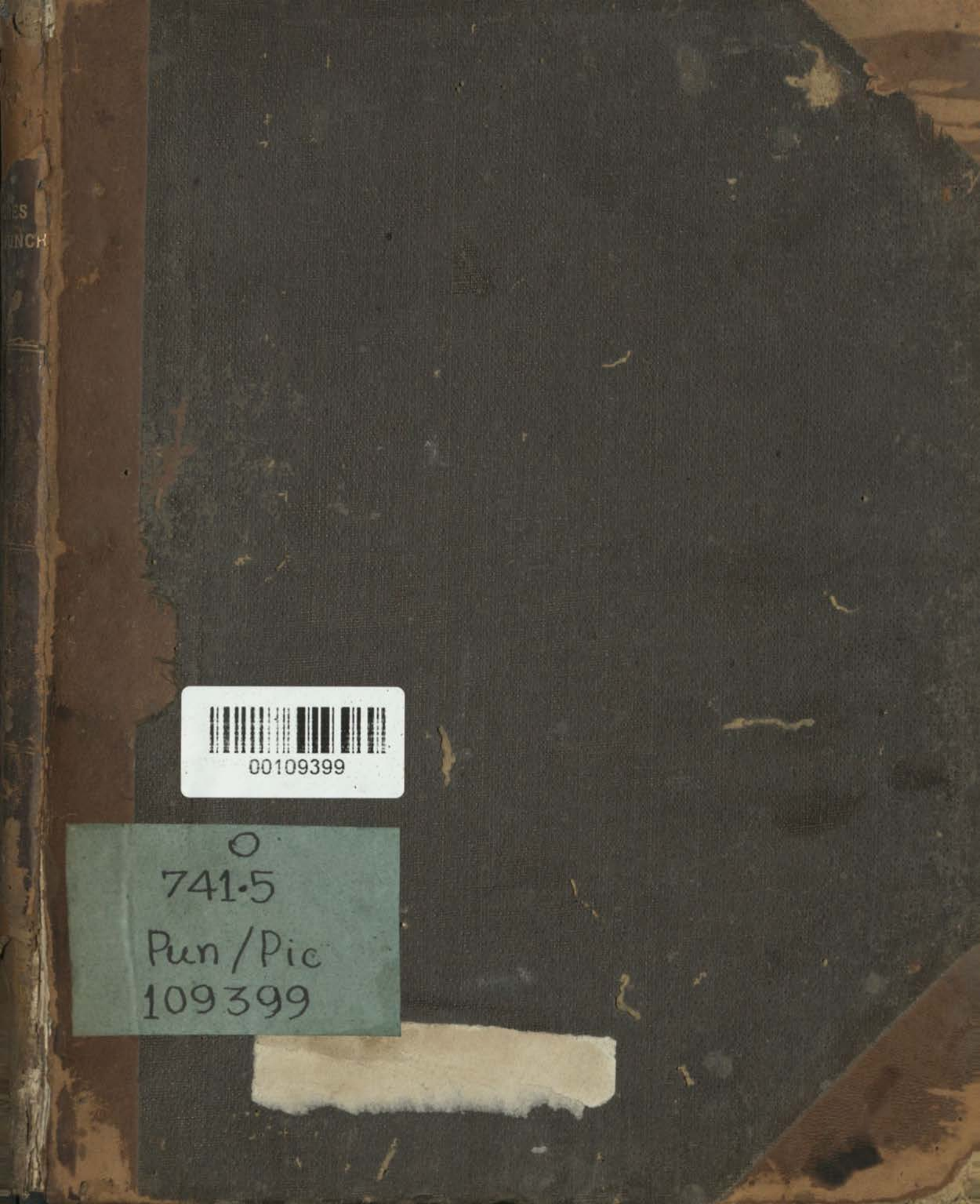
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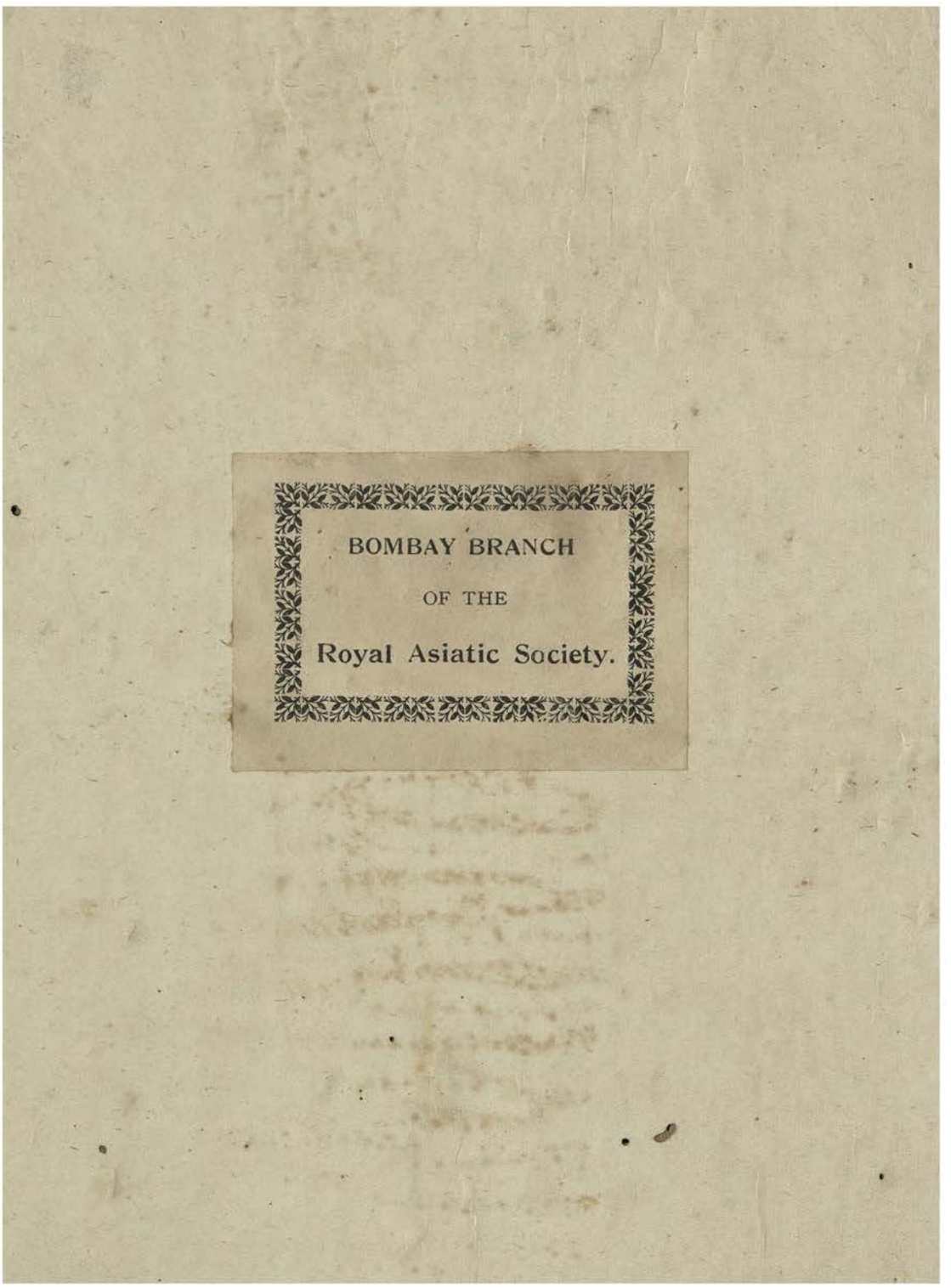

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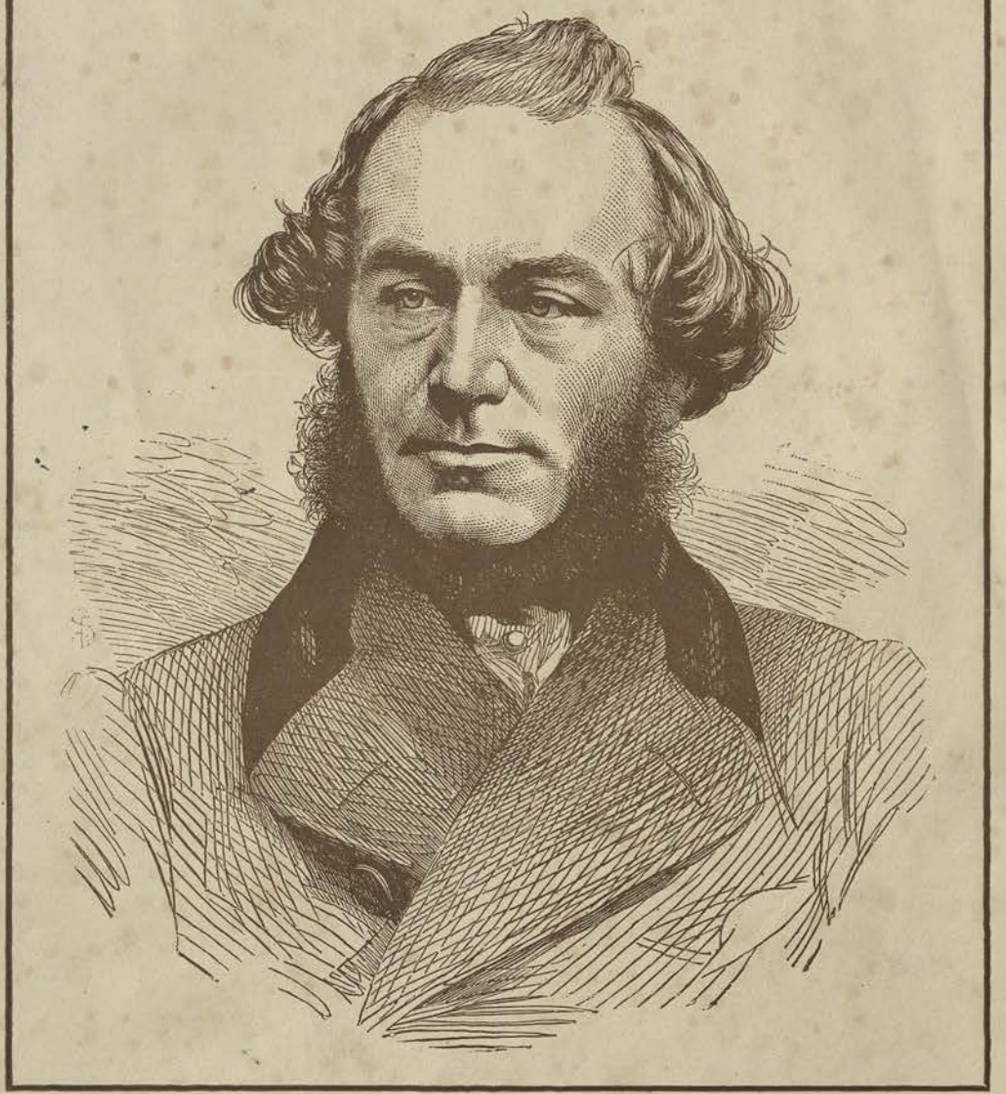
Pictures from Punch



Yours Faithfully
John Lucas

PICTURES FROM PUNCH

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Volume II.

00109399

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE ST., E.C.
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PICTURES FROM "PUNCH"

MR. PUNCH ON THE ROAD.

WHAT MR. PUNCH DID IN THE EASTER RECESS.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW! NOT A BIT OF IT! HE JUST POPPED OVER, AND HAD A FEW DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL *DOLCE FAR NIENTE* AT VENICE.

THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!

Miller. "DON'T THEY, REALLY! PERHAPS THEY'LL RISE BETTER TOWARDS THE COOL OF THE EVENING. THEY MOSTLY DO!"

TAKING CHANGE.

Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, JIM. PUSH ALONG, I'VE SERVED THE OLD GAL OUT THIS TIME."

Old Lady. "HERE, STOP! CONDUCTOR! I WON'T TAKE CHANGE FOR A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE IN HALF-PENCE—THAT I WON'T! HERE POLICE! CONDUCTOR!" &c.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Whipper-in. "MASTER TOM HURT? BLESS YOU, NO, MUM! THE OLD MARE AND HIM NEVER MISSES THAT BROOK!"

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Employer (on his way to business on Monday morning). "AH, SAUNDERS I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS WAY. I THOUGHT YOU'D TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF!"

Saunders (repentant). "SHO I 'AD, SHIR, BUT *(hic)* 'TSH ALL ALONG O' THESH 'ERE WA'ER CO'PANIES—I 'SSHURE YOU, SHIR, 'ERE WASHN'T 'DROP O' WA'ER IN OUR SHISHT'RN ALL YESHT'RDAY!!!"

"A WORM WILL TURN."

Miss Cramfie (Governess at the Squire's, who plays the Organ at Church, and coaches up the Choir). "MR. JORKINS, YOU ALWAYS TAKE UP THAT 'LEAD' IN THE ANTHEM SO DREADFULLY FLAT!"

Mr. Jorkins (with a Modesty rare in a Tenor). "WELL, WE DEW, MISS; BUT—YOU SEE MR. MANGLES AND ME AIN'T *SIMS REEVES*, MISS!"

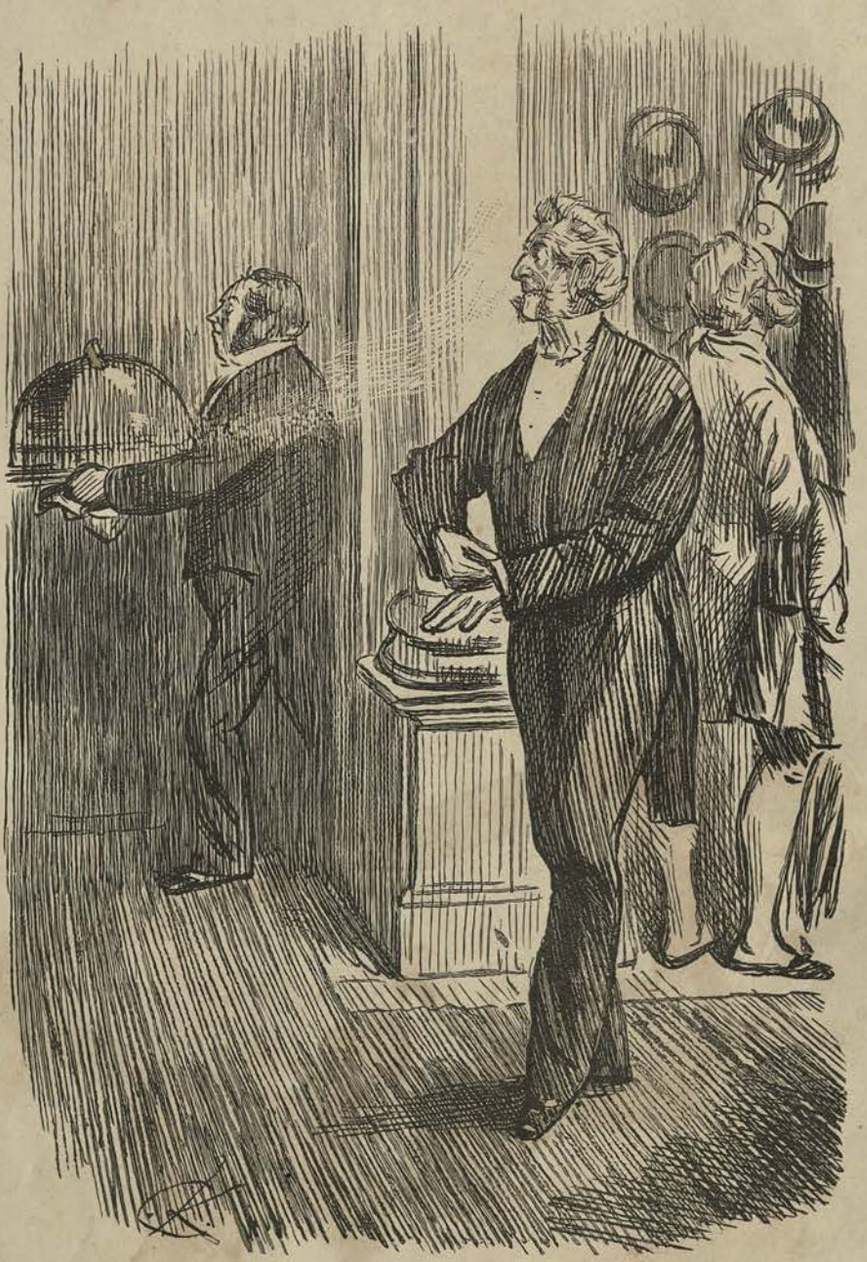
HEADS OR TAILS?

Ethel. "'HIDEOUS PUPPY!' HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? HE'S GOING TO THE DOG SHOW, IF I CAN MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH CLASS TO ENTER HIM IN—BULLS OR PUGS?"

Charlie. "AY, JUST SO. IF HE'S PUG, HIS HEAD WON'T DO; AND IF HE'S BULL, HIS TAIL WON'T DO."

A WEST-END NOTION OF "HUMBLE ORIGIN."

Belgravian Crossing-Sweeper (offended). "WHY, I RECOLLEX YER WHEN YER WOS LIVIN' IN THE REGENCY PARK!"



PROPHETIC!

Guest (late for Dinner, the delicious odour of the Haggis, just coming up, met him in the Hall).
"A—HI" *(On second thoughts.)* "E—H! I'LL BE BAD THE MORN!!"

MEDICAL.

Regimental Doctor (to Man with Sprained Foot). "UM! KEEP YOUR LEG IN THIS POSITION, AND I'LL SEND YOU SOME WHISKEY LOTION."
Patient (persuasively). "SURE, DOCTOR, THIN YOU'LL LET IT BE IRISH!"

AN INOPPORTUNE FLIRTATION.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS ON THOUGHTS OF LOVE."

THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

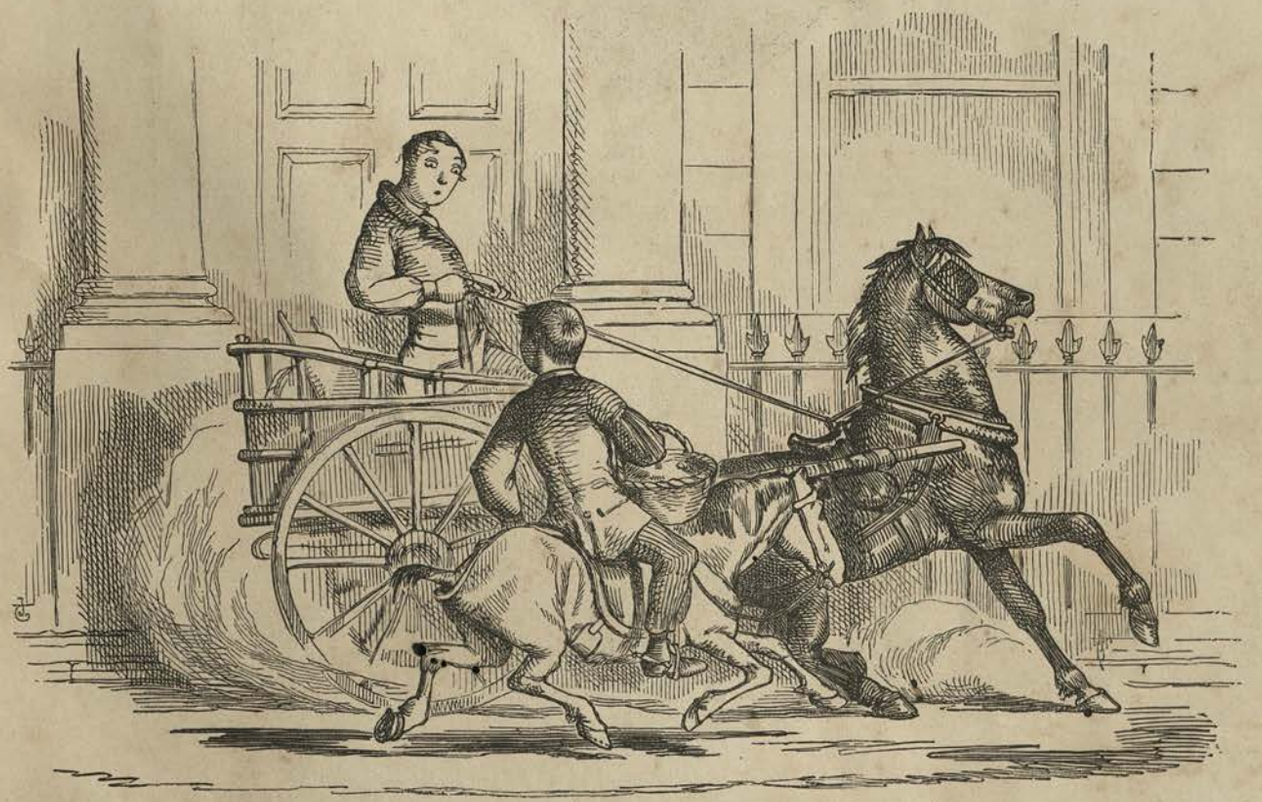
Master Alfred. "DON'T, BABY!—YOU'LL SPOIL IT. LEAVE GO, SIR! HERE, NURSE! HE'S SWALLOWING MY NEW WATCH!"

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Driver. "RUN ROUND, JACK, SIT ON HER HEAD, AND CUT THE TRACES."

A REAL DIFFICULTY.

"WELL, DEAR, IF THIS IS THE USUAL STYLE OF THING IN DERBYSHIRE, THE FARMERS HAD BETTER WRITE UP 'NO THOROUGHFARE' AT ONCE; THEN PEOPLE WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO."



HORRIBLE SUSPICION IN HIGH LIFE.

Scene—Belgravia.

First Aristocratic Butcher-boy. "HULLO, BILL! DON'T MEAN TO SAY YER'VE COME DOWN TO A PONY?"
Second Ditto Ditto. "NOT DEZACTLY! OUR CART IS ONLY GONE A-PAINTIN'."

A WHISPERED APPEAL.

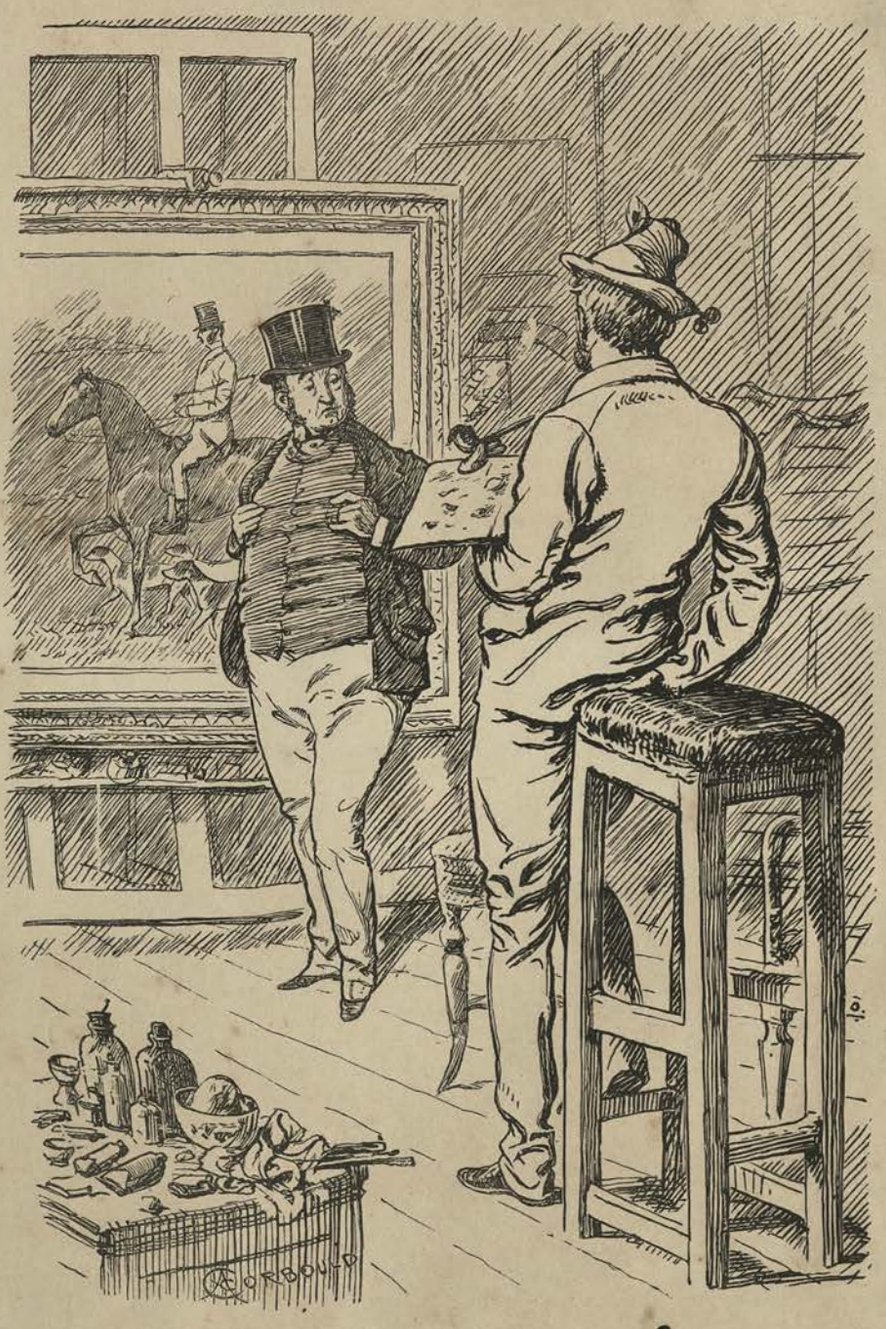
"MAMMA! MAMMA! *DON'T* SCOLD HIM ANY MORE! IT MAKES THE ROOM SO DARK!"

OH! HORROR!

Tommy (suddenly—on his way home from Church). "WHAT DID *YOU* TAKE OUT OF THE BAG, MAMMA! *I* ONLY GOT SIXPENCE! LOOK HERE!"

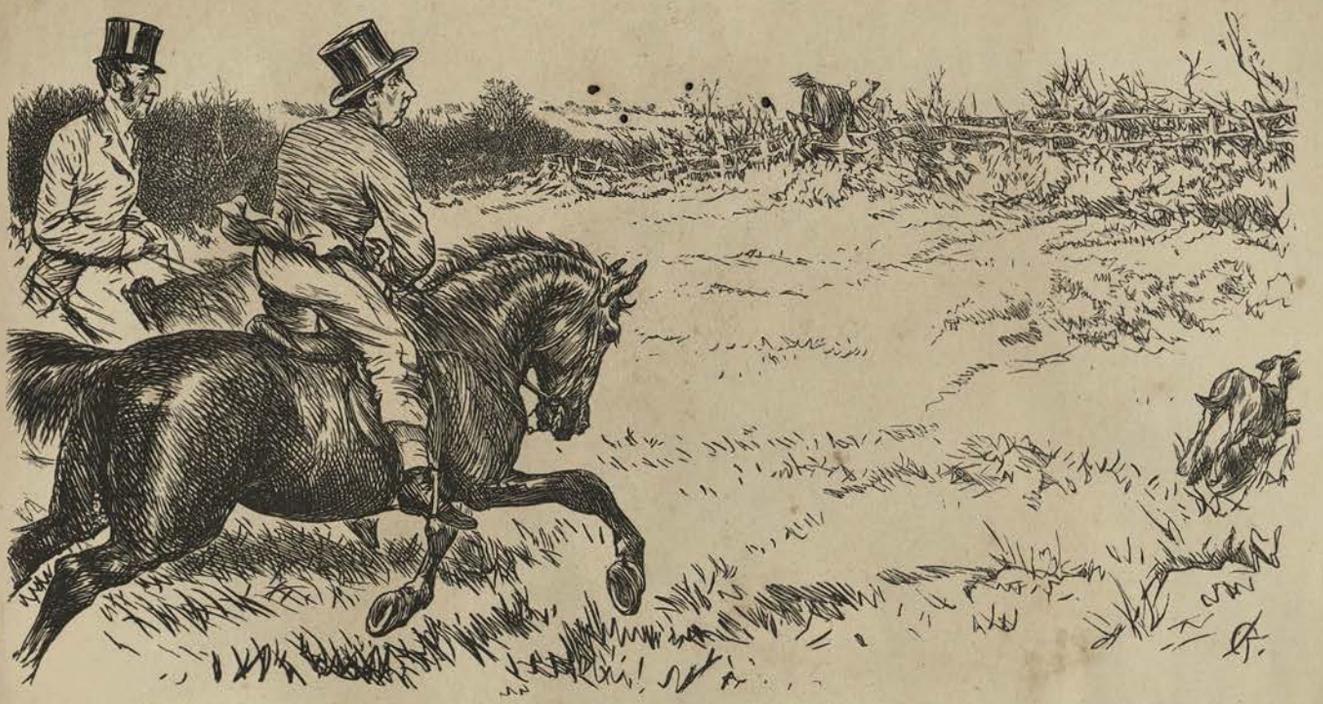
A NEW TEST.

Aunt (in alarm). "*SURELY* YOU'VE EATEN ENOUGH, HAVEN'T YOU, TOMMY?"
Tommy (in doubt). "F-F-F-FEEL ME!"



PRIVATE VIEW.

Stud Groom (who has looked in). "COMES OF A HARTIS' FAM'LY MYSELF, SIR. MY MOTHER MARRIED AN 'OUSE PAINTER!"



DELIGHTS OF THE CHACE.

Hunting Man (who has mounted his friend, M'Gilpen, from London). "KEEP HER HEAD STRAIGHT. SHE'S AS LIKELY AS NOT TO REFUSE THIS, IF—"

[M'Gilpen, from the depths of his soul (not a gate to be seen) hopes SHE WILL!

CIVILISATION.

"I SAY, GUV'NER—YER AIN'T SEEN A COVE WITH MY SECOND MOKE, AR YER?"

AGE CANNOT WITHER.

Paddy (to Fellow-Passenger). "OI'M SIVENTY YEARS OF AGE, AND IVERY WAN O' MY TEETH AS PERFECT AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, SOR!"

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Juvenis. "JOLLY DAY WE HAD LAST WEEK AT McFOGGARTY'S WEDDING! CAPITAL CHAMPAGNE HE GAVE US, AND WE DID IT JUSTICE, I CAN TELL YOU——"

Senex (who prefers whiskey). "EH—H, MUN, IT'S A' VERA WEEL WEDDINS AT YE-ER TIME O' LIFE. GIE ME A GUDE SOLID FUNERAL!"

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

[Volunteers are to thoroughly search all Farm-Buildings, &c., on the line of march.—GENERAL ORDERS.]

Energetic Volunteer Officer. "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! WHY DON'T YOU SEARCH THESE FARM BUILDINGS?"

"OFF!"

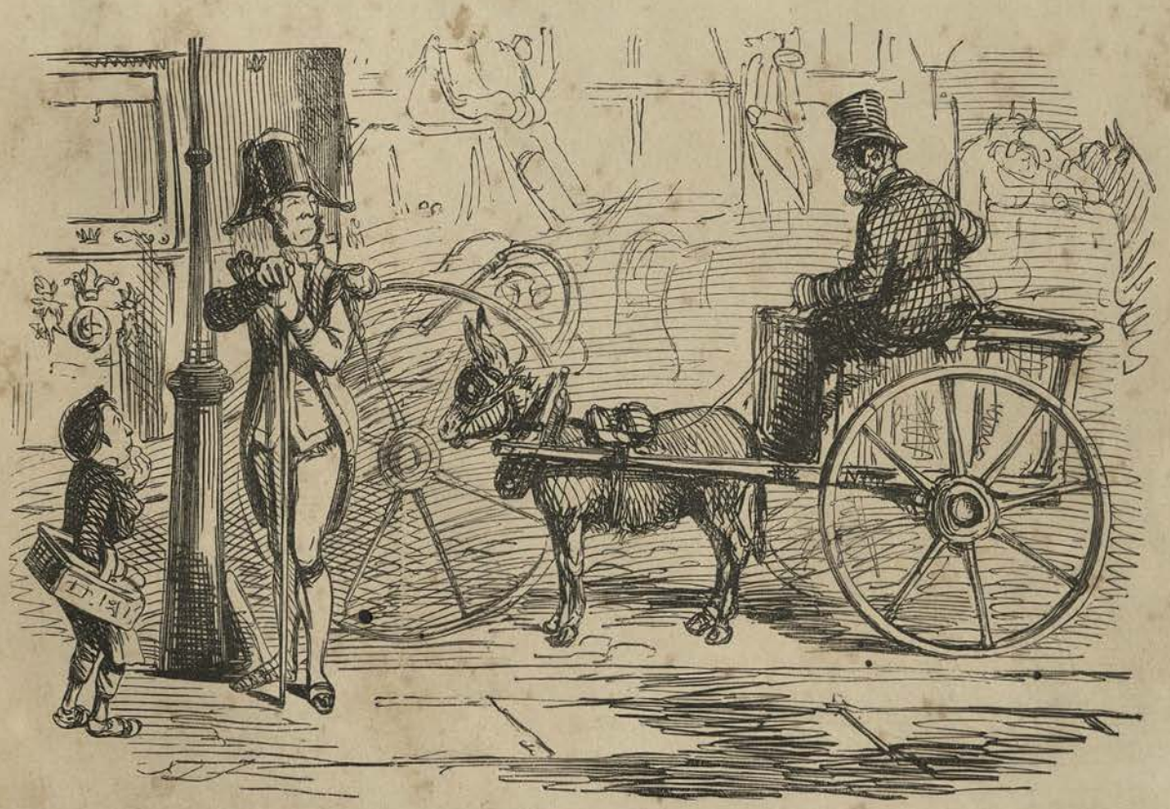
Sergeant O'Leary. "DOUBLE! LEFT! RIGHT! WHAT THE BLAZES, PAT ROONEY, D'YE MANE BY NOT DOUBLIN' WID THE SQUAD!?"

Pat. "SHURE, SERGEANT, 'TWASN'T A FAIR START!"

A DRAWYNGE-ROOM DAY.

THE OPERA.

Door-Keeper. "BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT YOU MUST, INDEED, SIR, BE IN FULL DRESS!"
Snob (excited). "FULL DRESS!! WHY, WHAT DO YER CALL THIS?"



FAMILIARITY.

"NOW, THEN, THOMAS, TELL YOUR OLD MAN TO PULL ON A PEG, AND LET ME GET UP TO MY PAWNBROKER'S!"

EH?

Street Boy (fortissimo). "WHO SHOT THE DOG!"

THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

Little Girl. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR!—IT WAS THE WIND AS DONE IT!"

"SEVERE."

Dainty Old Gent. "HAVE I LIKED MY DINNER?—NO, I'VE NOT! SO DON'T GIVE WHAT I'VE LEFT TO THE CAT, SIR; BECAUSE AS SHE'S SURE TO BECOME PIE, I SHOULD LIKE HER TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH, AND NOT BE POISONED."

"DON'T MENTION IT!"

Itinerant Hawker (to the unfortunate Artists who are taking away their Pictures rejected by the Royal Academy). "BUY A RAZOR, GENTS—BUY A GOOD RAZOR!!!"

AN IRISH MODEL.

Mrs. Magillicuddy (to her Daughter). "WHY, WHY, ROSEEN! WHAT'S BEEN DELAYIN' YE? WHY! AND ME WAITIN' THIS HOUR PAST TO COME IN WID THE MILK!"

Rose. "O, SURE, THIN, MOTHER DEAR, ON ME WAY BACK FROM THE MEADA' I MET SUCH A DARLIN' ENGLISH JINTLEMAN—A RALE ARTIST. WHY, AND HE AXED ME TO ALLOW HIM TO TAKE ME LANDSKIP; AND O, MOTHER MAVRONE, IT'S A WONDER HOW LIKE ME HE'S MED IT, GLORY BE TO THE SAINTS!"

DOWN ON HER.

Butcher. "YOU'VE NOT BEEN 'AVIN' SO MANY J'INTS THIS LAST WEEK OR TWO, MA'AM."

Lady (who has been dabbling in American beef, but does not dare say so). "ER—NO—ER—WE'VE HAD A GOOD DEAL OF *GAME* SENT US LATELY BY SOME FRIENDS IN THE NORTH, YOU KNOW!"

Butcher. "INDEED, MA'AM! NOW, WHAT SORT OF GAME DO THEY SEND YOU IN THE MONTH O' APRIL, MA'AM?"

"A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER."

"NOW, MISSY, YOU'VE SEEN ME SHAVE, SO YOU MUST JUST SKEDADDLE, PLEASE, AS I'M GOING TO TAKE MY BATH."

"I WON'T TELL IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT, UNCLE ROWLAND. LET ME STAY, PLEASE." "WON'T TELL? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MISSY?"

"WHY, NOBODY WOULDN'T GO INTO COLD WATER, UNCLE, IF THEY WASN'T MADE TO, I SUPPOSE. NOBODY DON'T MAKE YOU, DO THEY?"

DRAWING THE LINE.

Judge. "REMOVE THOSE BARRISTERS. THEY'RE DRAWING!"

Chorus of Juniors. "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LUDSHIP, WE'RE ONLY DRAWING—PLEADINGS."

ONE FOR HIM.

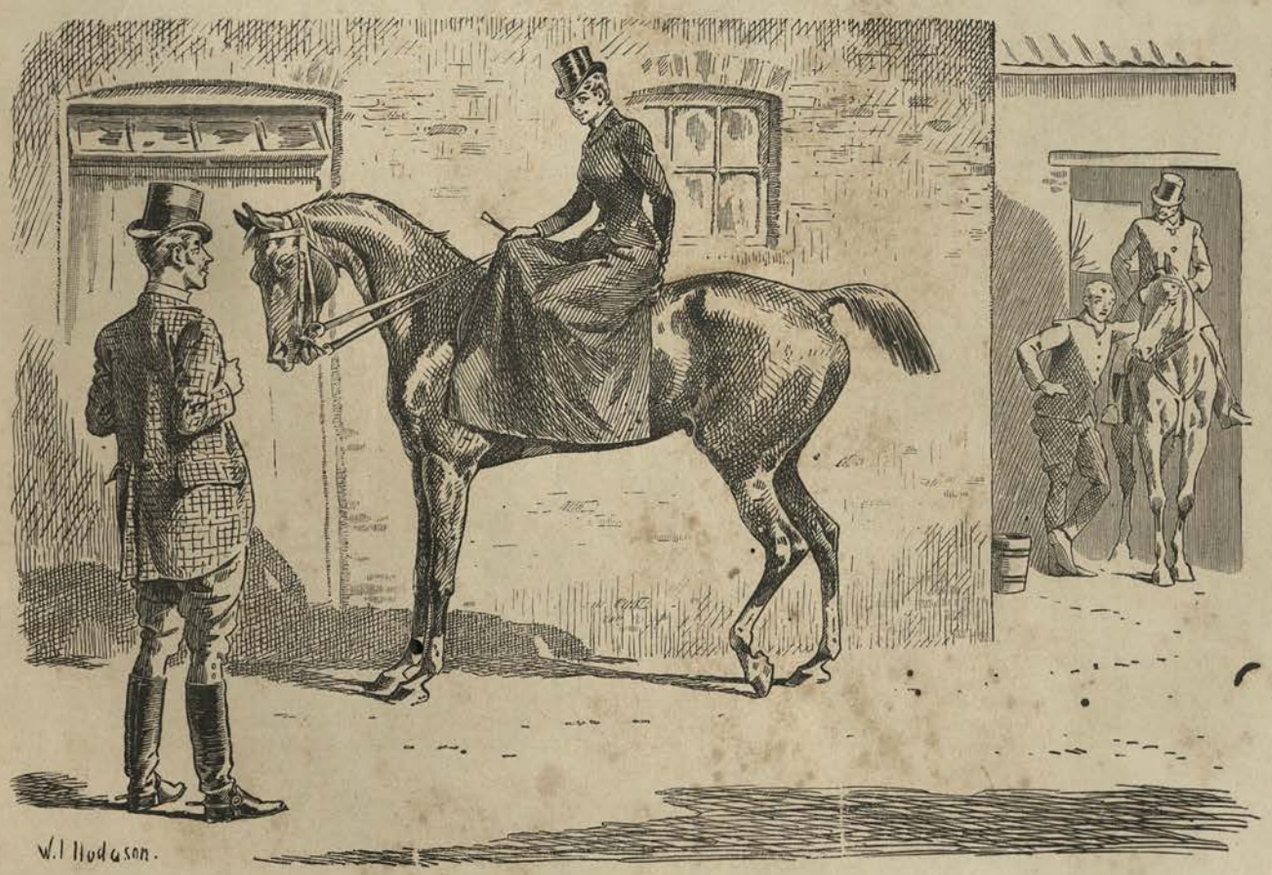
Major Spooneleigh. "AND YOU RIDE SO WELL, AND—ER—YOU DRIVE SO WONDERFULLY WELL, AND—ER—YOU DANCE SO—ER—BEAUTIFULLY, AND YOU—ER—PLAY LAWN-TENNIS SO—ER—EXQUISITELY, AND—ER—OF COURSE YOU FISH ALSO?"

Mrs. Dasher. "NEVER FOR COMPLIMENTS, I ASSURE YOU; AND CERTAINLY NOT IN SHALLOW WATERS!"

"SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY," ETC.

Old Gentleman (to Groom). "WHY, MARTIN, WHAT THE DEUCE HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"

Groom. "YOU TOLD ME YOU'D WANT SOMETHING TO GO A CANVASSING—AND I THOUGHT THE OLD 'UN 'UD DO FOR THAT!"

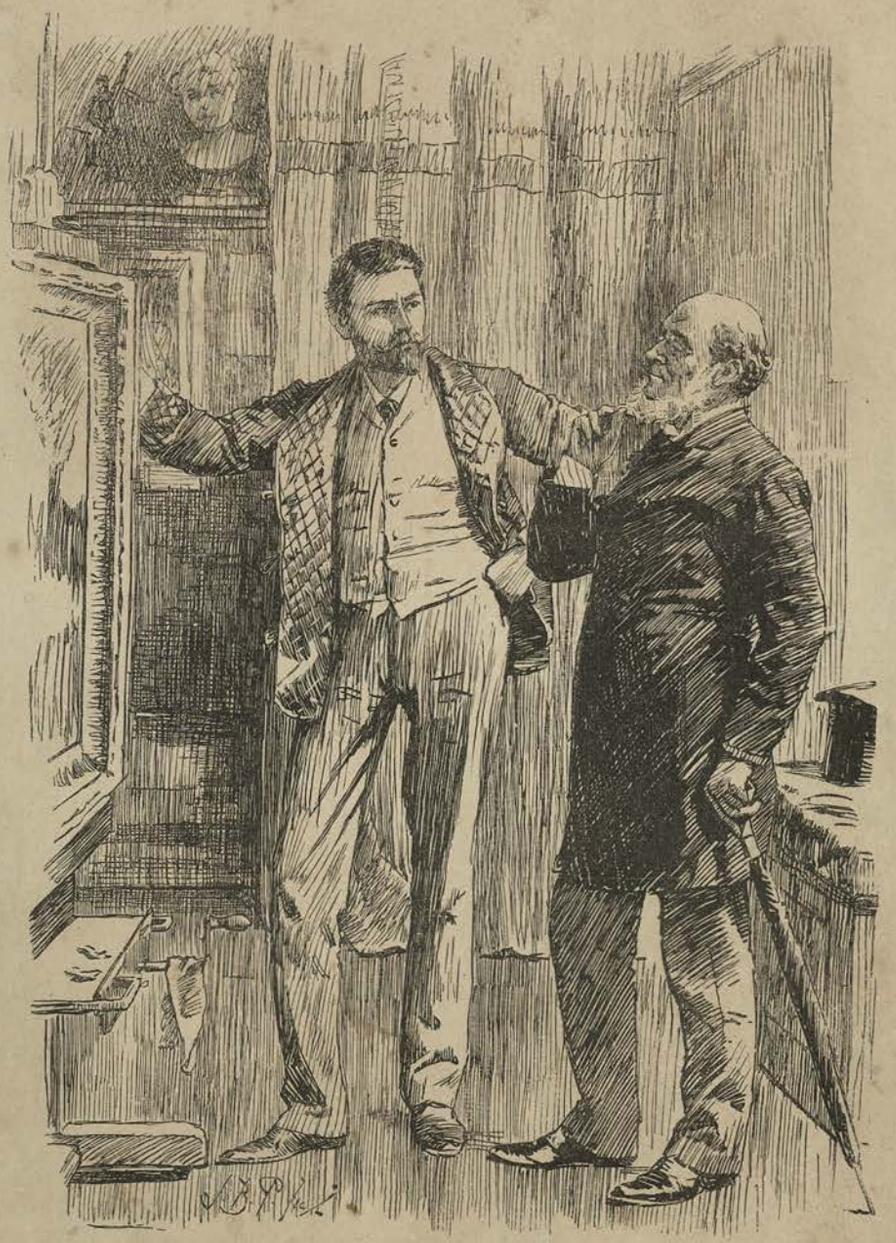


RATHER SMART ALL ROUND.

Lady Di. (who has been trying a Horse with a view to purchase). "AND DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT HE'S QUITE UP TO MY WEIGHT, MR. SPAVIN?"

Spavin. "LOR! MY LADY, HE'D CARRY TWO OF YOU!" *Lady Di.* "WHAT? DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT I'M ONLY HALF A HORSEWOMAN?"

Spavin. "BY NO MEANS, MY LADY. BUT ANOTHER LIKE YOUR LADYSHIP WOULD LOOK SO WELL ON THE OTHER SIDE!"



THE STATE OF THE MARKET.

Artist (to Customer, who has come to buy on behalf of a large Furnishing Firm in Tottenham Court Road). "HOW WOULD THIS SUIT YOU? 'SUMMER'!"

Customer. "H'M—'SUMMER.' WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS WE FIND THERE'S VERY LITTLE DEMAND FOR *GREEN* GOODS JUST NOW. IF YOU HAD A LINE OF *AUTUMN TINTS* NOW—THAT'S THE ARTICLE WE FIND MOST SALE FOR AMONG OUR CUSTOMERS!"

COMING OUT AS A CONVERSATIONALIST.

Young Ganderson (proudly conscious of the general attention). "OH YES, IT'S IN *SOHO*, YOU KNOW. I KNOW THE PLACE WELL. THEY GIVE YOU A CAPITAL DINNER FOR EIGHTEENPENCE—WINE INCLUDED."

Host (proud of his Cellar). "AND IS THE WINE DRINKABLE?"

Young Ganderson. "OH YES—VERY GOOD—BETTER THAN THE WINE WE'RE DRINKING NOW!"

COMPLIMENTARY.

Dreadful Old Man (who only believes in Professional Music). "I HOPE YOU AMATEUR GENTLEMEN TAKE A REAL PLEASURE IN PERFORMING?"

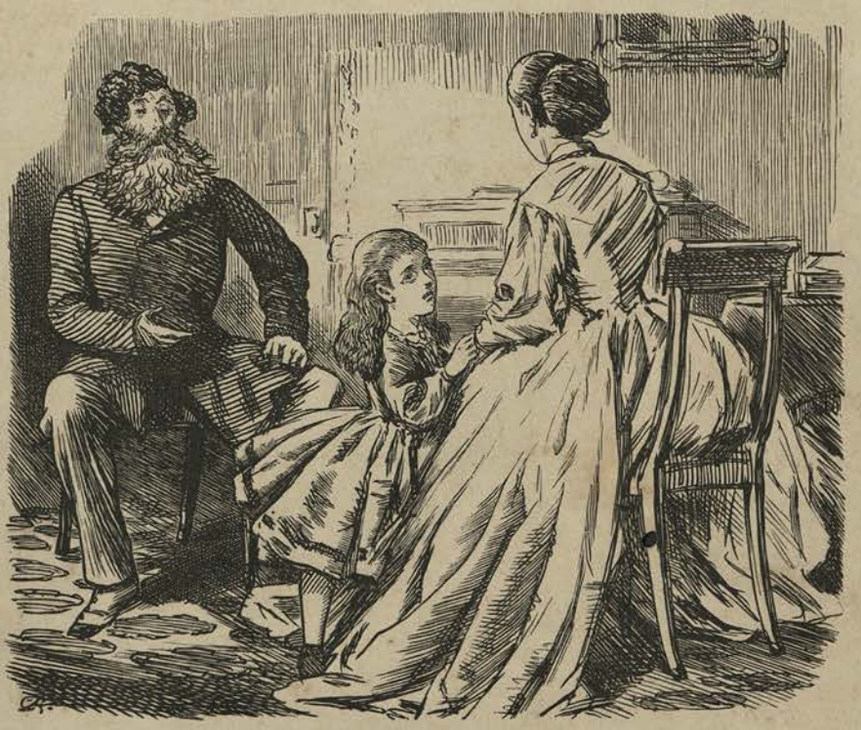
Chorus. "CERTAINLY WE DO!"

Dreadful Old Man. "THEN, AT LEAST, THERE IS *SOME* COMPENSATION FOR THE TORTURE YOU INFLICT!"

"A GOOD JOB OF IT!"

Optician. "AND HOW DO YOU FIND THE GLASS EYE I PUT IN FOR YOU, SIR? SATISFACTORY, I HOPE——"

Old Gent (gleefully). "SATISFACTORY! 'PO' MY LIFE, SIR, I—I FREQUENTLY CAN'T TELL WHICH IS THE GLASS ONE WITHOUT TAKING IT OUT!!"



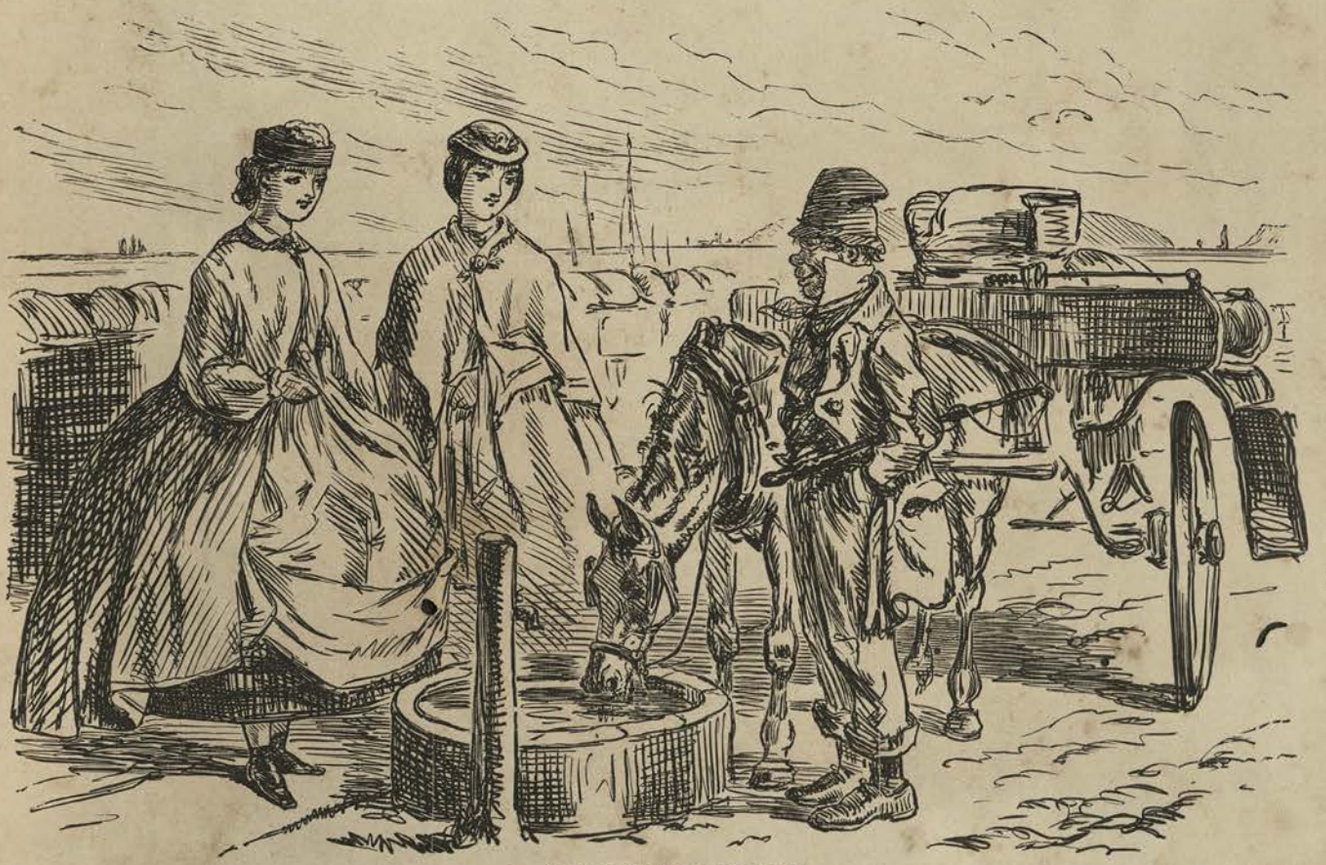
A NATURAL OBJECTION.

Mamma. "OH! WON'T YOU KISS YOUR UNCLE, JULEY?"

Juley (unused to the Bengal Cavalry Beard). "I DON'T KNOW WHERE, MAMMA!"

"TOUCHING."

Bootmaker (affected to tears). "THEN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD O' THE DEMISE OF 'IS S'RENE 'IGHNESS *(sob)* COUNT PUMMELWITZ, SIR;—VERY OLD CUST'MER OF OURS, SIR—AND WHEN Y'UVE *(sniff)* MADE A NOBLEMAN'S BOOTS SO MANY YEARS YOU FEEL RE'LLY LIKE ONE OF THE FAM'LY!"



A DELICATE HINT.

Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend). "OH, ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE POOR HORSE DRINK!"
Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly). "SURE, THIN, IT WOULD BE A DALE PRETTIER SIGHT, MISS, TO SEE *ME* DRINK!"

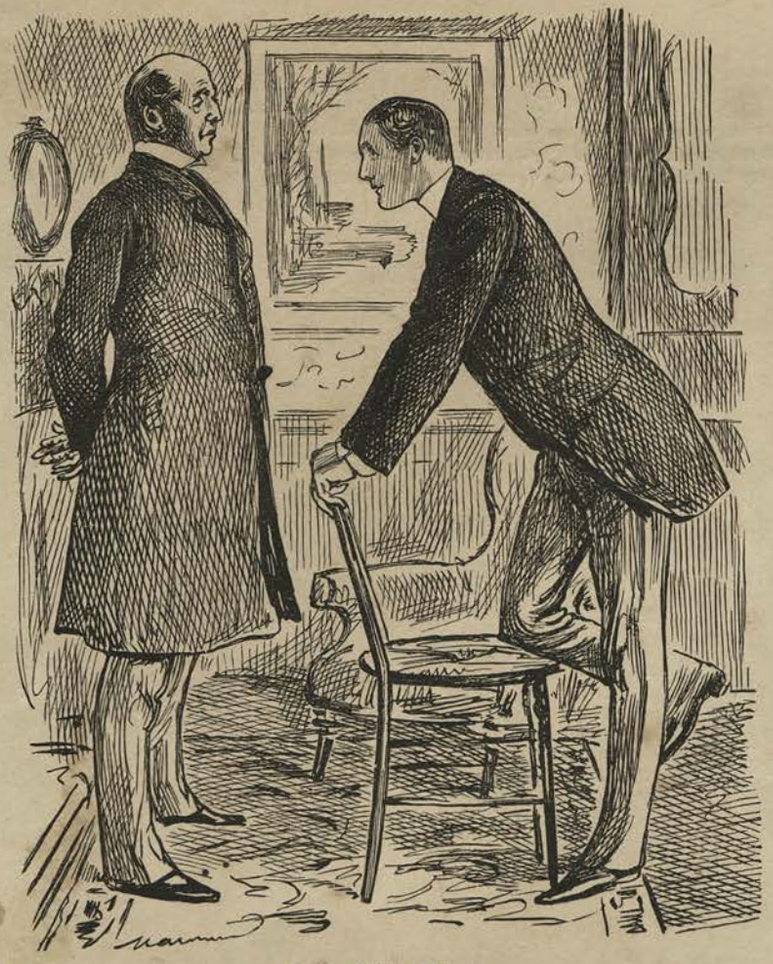
A SWEEPING REFORM.

Crossing Sweeper. "WOT'S THIS HERE? WOT! DO AWAY WITH THE 'CLEAN-YOUR-DOOR-STEP' HAMATOOR, AND MAKE IT A PAID PURFESSION!! WHY, S'HELP ME, THEY'LL BE DOIN' AWAY WITH ME AND MY BROOM NEX', AND P'RAPS 'AVE THE CROSSIN'S SWEP' BY MASHEENERY! YAH!"

PROCEDURE.—A FACT.

Old M.P. "AW—I SAY, ROBINS. 'XTRAORDINARY THING ALL THE SEATS TAKEN AT THIS EARLY HOUR!"

Official (of many years' standing, who doesn't approve of recent changes). "YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S ALL THESE 'ERE NEW MEMBERS. EARLY IN THE DAY THEY'RE 'ERE, AND THEN, WHEN THE GENTLEMEN COMES DOWN IN THE AFTER-NOON, THERE AI'NT NO ROOM FOR THEM!"



TU QUOQUE.

Army Candidate. "AND I ONLY MUFFED ONE THING IN THE GEOGRAPHY PAPER. COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME THINK WHERE THE STRAITS OF MACASSAR WERE!"

Fond Father. "OH, I SAY, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN THAT. FANCY—THE STRAITS OF MACASSAR!"

Army Candidate. "WELL, I DIDN'T, ANYHOW. BY THE WAY, WHERE *ARE* THEY, DAD?"

Fond Father. "OH—WHERE ARE THEY? OH—ER—THEY'RE—WELL, THEY'RE —BUT DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO LUNCH?"

SOCIAL AGONIES.

(Disadvantage of resembling a Celebrity.)

She. "OH, *HOW* DO YOU DO, DEAR MR. LYON? *HAVE* YOU FORGIVEN ME FOR CUTTING YOU AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT? I WAS ACTUALLY STUPID ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU FOR THAT HORRID BORE, MR. TETTERBY THOMPSON, WHOM YOU'RE SAID TO BE SO LIKE. IT'S A HORRID LIBEL—YOU'RE NOT LIKE HIM A BIT."

He. "A—A—I *WASN'T* AT MRS. LEO HUNTER'S LAST NIGHT—A—A—A—AND MY NAME *IS* TETTERBY THOMPSON!"

SHE WAS "SORRY SHE SPOKE"!

Young Farmer (surveying the Stock). "A PRETTY TIDY LOT, MARIA."

Wife (con-siderably the senior). "AYE, BUT THEY WOULD NA BE THERE MAYBE WERN'IT NO FOR MY BRASS!"

Husband (nettled). "WHOY, LASS, GIN IT BE COOM TO THAT WI' YE, IF IT HAD NO' BEEN FOR YOUR MONEY, MAYHAP YE WID NA BEEN HERE YERSEL'!"

HYPERBOLE!

Auctioneer (selling Town Property). "WHY, GENTLEMEN, THE VERY ATMOSPHERE'S WORTH THE MONEY!"

CALLING OVER THE ROLL OF FAME.

Sergeant. "TUGAL M'TAVISH!"

Tugal (hurrying up, too late for parade). "HERE!"

Sergeant (indignant). "HERE! WHERE? YOU'LL ALWAYS CRY 'HERE!' WHEN YOU'RE ABSENT."

"SE NON È VERO," ETC.

Old Lady. "OH, MR. HACKLES, YOU'VE STUFFED MY PARROT VERY BADLY! ALL THE FEATHERS ARE COMING OUT ALREADY!"

Taxidermist. "WHY, LOR' BLESS YER, MUM, THAT'S THE PUFFECTION O' STUFFIN'! YOU KNOW THE MOULTIN' SEASON'S NOW A COMIN' ON, MUM!!"

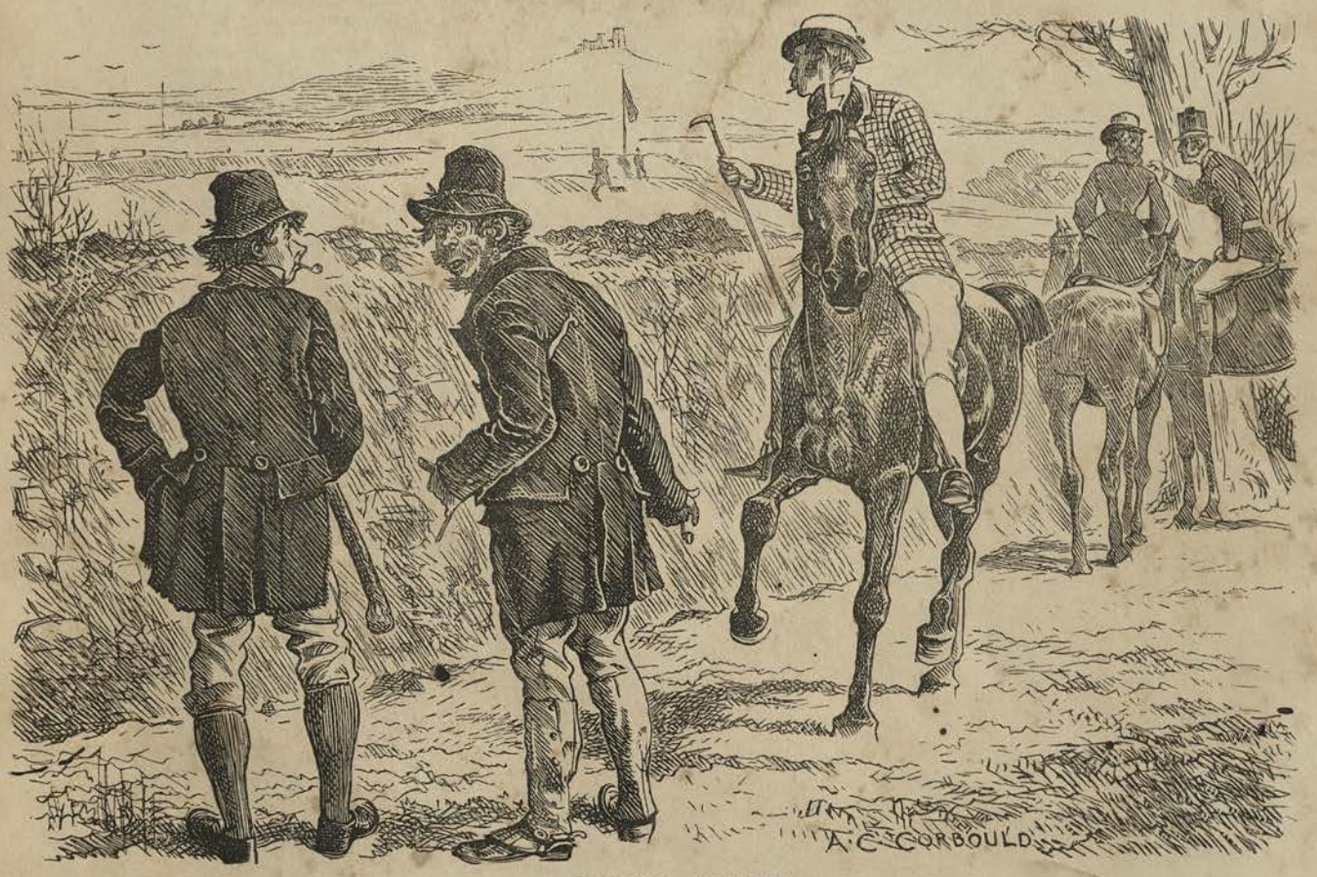
CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Publican. "YOUR DOG'S VERY FAT, SIR. PRAY WHAT DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"

Traveller. "WELL, HE HAS NO REGULAR MEALS; BUT WHENEVER I TAKE A GLASS OF ALE, I GIVE HIM A BISCUIT, YOU KNOW!!"

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Shipwrecked Party (who sees his way to supply "A Sketch on the Spot" to the Illustrated Papers). "BEG PARDON, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SUCH A THING AS A PIECE OF INDIA RUBBER!?"



A CAPITAL PLACE.

Scene—Irish Steeplechase Course. Just Before the Race.

Veteran Sportsman (to Country Cousin). "BEGORRA, JACK, THIS 'UD BE OUR SPOT; WE'D BE APT TO SEE A CORPSE HERE!"

TIT FOR TAT.

Captain Pullam (having just effected a "Swop" with his Friend). "NOW, I'LL BE STRAIGHT WITH YOU, OLD MAN. THAT HORSE YOU'VE GOT FROM ME IS A BIT OF A CRIB-BITER!"

Friend. "OH, DON'T MENTION IT, OLD CHAP. YOU'LL FIND MINE TO BE A CONFIRMED RUNAWAY!"

AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT? WHY, IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO CARRY PLANTS OF ANY KIND, ALIVE OR DEAD, INTO ITALY, AND THE OFFICIALS AT THE ITALIAN DOGANA (CUSTOM-HOUSE) NEAR MENTONE HAVE JUST BEEN TOLD THAT AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, WITH A ROSE IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE, HAS STROLLED BY, TOWARDS VENTIMIGLIA. SO THEY ARE AFTER THE UNSUSPECTING CRIMINAL!

ALLOWED TO STARVE.

THE SUCCESSFUL FASTING-MAN.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED!!!

SO FRIVOLOUS!

Wife. "SOLOMON, I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU."

Solomon (flippantly). "WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR, SO LONG AS IT'S A FUNNY BONE!"

CANINE.

Patron. "WELL, BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT SUCH A DAWG AS THAT COULD DRAW A BADGER?"

Fancier. "NOT DRAW A BADGER? WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY TO HIM!"

WHAT IS IT?

First Boy (loq.). "I TELL YER ITS 'ED'S HERE!—I SEEN IT MOVE!"

Second Do. "I SAY IT'S AT THIS END, YER STOOPID!—I CAN SEE 'IS EARS!"

DRAWING IT MILD.

Customer. "LA, MISS! IF YOU WARN'T SO WEAK IN THE WRIST, WHAT A LOT MORE BEER YOU'D SELL!"

A DISTINCTION.

Noble Lord (who dabbles in the Arts). "THINK IT'S LIKE MY FATHER, TROTTER?"

Trotter (the Earl's Groom). "AH! THAT IT BE, MY LORD; BUT *(thinking of a flattering compliment)* IT'S WERY EASY TO SEE IT WARN'T DONE BY A ARTIS', MY LORD; I MEAN ONE O' THEM FELLOWS AS GETS THEIR LIVIN' BY IT!"

SOCIETY.

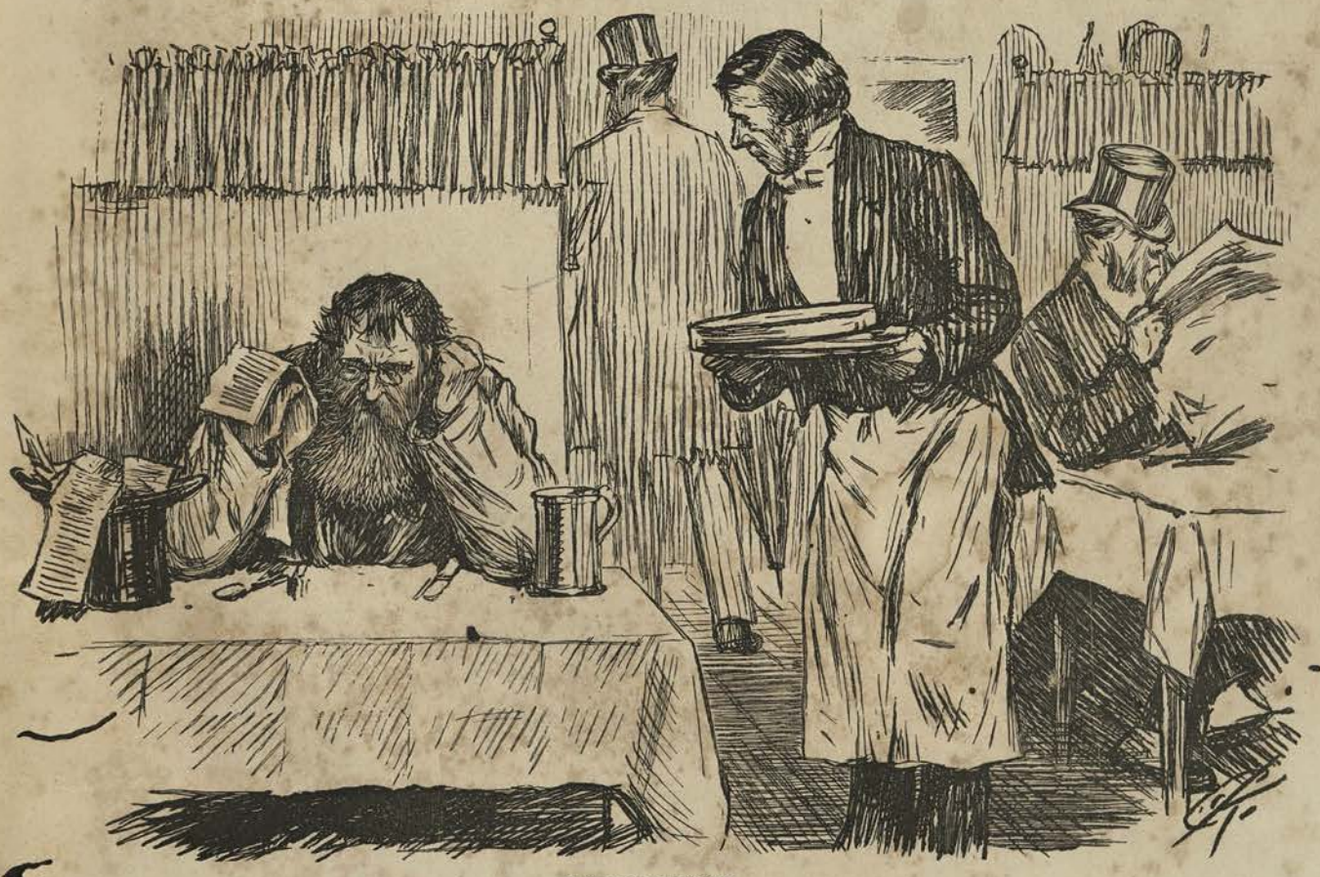
Mistress. "WELL, DICKSON, I SUPPOSE YOU ALL WANT A PARTY THIS YEAR, AS USUAL?"

Maid. "YES'M. WE SHOULD LIKE ONE IF YOU PLEASE. IT'S AWKWARD ACCEPTING OF INVITATIONS, IF WE DON'T SEND OUT NONE IN RETURN!"

"AULD EDINBRO'!"

Saxon Traveller. "THIS IS TOO BAD, WAITER! I TOLD YOU WE WANTED TO GO BY THE 9·30 TRAIN, AND HERE'S BREAKFAST NOT READY!"

Celtic Waiter. "A WEEL, SIR, FAC' IS, THE COOK TAK'S A GLESS!"



REPLETION.

Robert. "PUDDING OR CHEESE, SIR?"

Abstracted Editor. "OWING TO PRESSURE OF OTHER MATTER, 'REGRET WE ARE UNABLE TO FIND ROOM FOR IT!"

Mater (aroused by the Horse pulling up). "WHIT'S THE MATTER, GUIDMAN? ONYTHING WRANG?"

Pater (bringing his Faculties to a Focus). "LET US JUST CONSUDER THE RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES. WAS OOR JOHN IN THE GIG WHEN WE STARTET FRAE ARDRISHAIG?"

"OOR JOHN" *WAS* IN THE GIG—*WHEN THEY STARTED!*

AFTER THE PARTY.

THE WEDDING-DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET!

THE WEDDING-DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!!

TESTAMENTARY!

Country Parson (who, in his poor old Parishioner's last illness, had charitably sent him a can of Milk every day from the Vicarage). "WELL, MRS. POWLEY, AND HOW HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE YOUR SAD LOSS—"

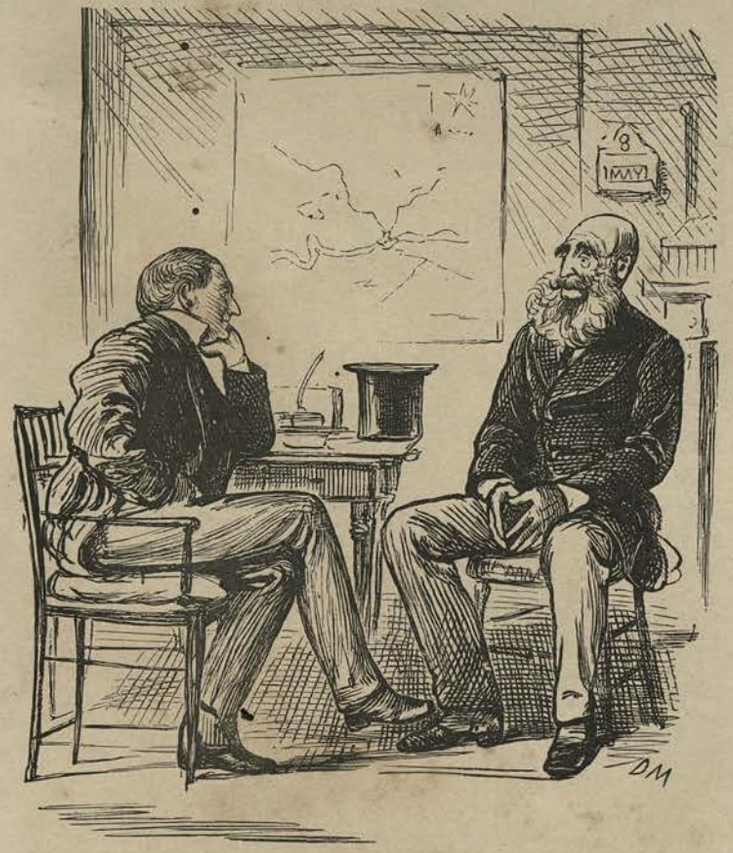
Widow. "YES, SIR—POOR IZAAK!—HE'S A GONE! BUT AFORE HE WENT, SIR, HE LEFT THE QUART O' MILK TO COME TO ME DAILY, POOR DEAR!"

ALL THERE!

"NOW, THEN, OLD FELLER, TUCK IN YER TUPPENNY—DO YOU THINK I'M A AGGROBAT?"

CONSIDERATE CRITICISM.

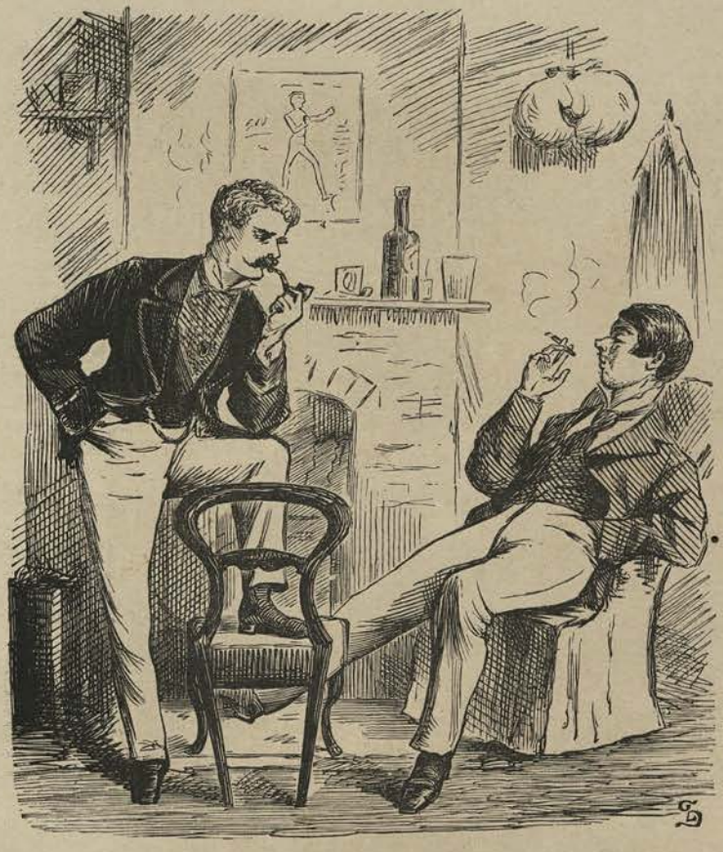
Rustic (to his Friend). "WA—AL, THA'S BETTER THAN DOIN' O' NAWTH'N', I S'POSS, GEARGE!!"



MISSING THE POINT.

Legal Adviser (speaking technically). "IN SHORT, YOU WANT TO MEET YOUR CREDITORS."

Innocent Client. "HANG IT, NO! WHY, THEY'RE THE VERY PEOPLE I'M MOST ANXIOUS TO AVOID!"



GOING CHEAP.

Charley (to his Country Cousin). "GOING UP TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR, TOM?"

Tom (evidently the victim of some absurd hoax). "OH, YES! ROBINSON HAS PROMISED TO GET ME A SEAT IN ONE OF THE *HUMANE SOCIETY'S DRAGS!*"

A HOPELESS CASE.

Lady (who has been studying every possible description of hat and bonnet for the last half-hour). "YES, THEY ARE ALL VERY PRETTY. AND NOW, CAN YOU HELP ME TO REMEMBER WHAT I INTENDED TO HAVE AT FIRST?"

VERY LIKELY!

Adonis. "HERE!—HI!—BOY!—JUST WUN AND FETCH MY HAT, THERE'S A GOOD FELLAH!"

Boy. "O YES—I DESSAY. AND YOU'LL WALK OFF WITH MY BARRER!"

VERY PARTICULAR.

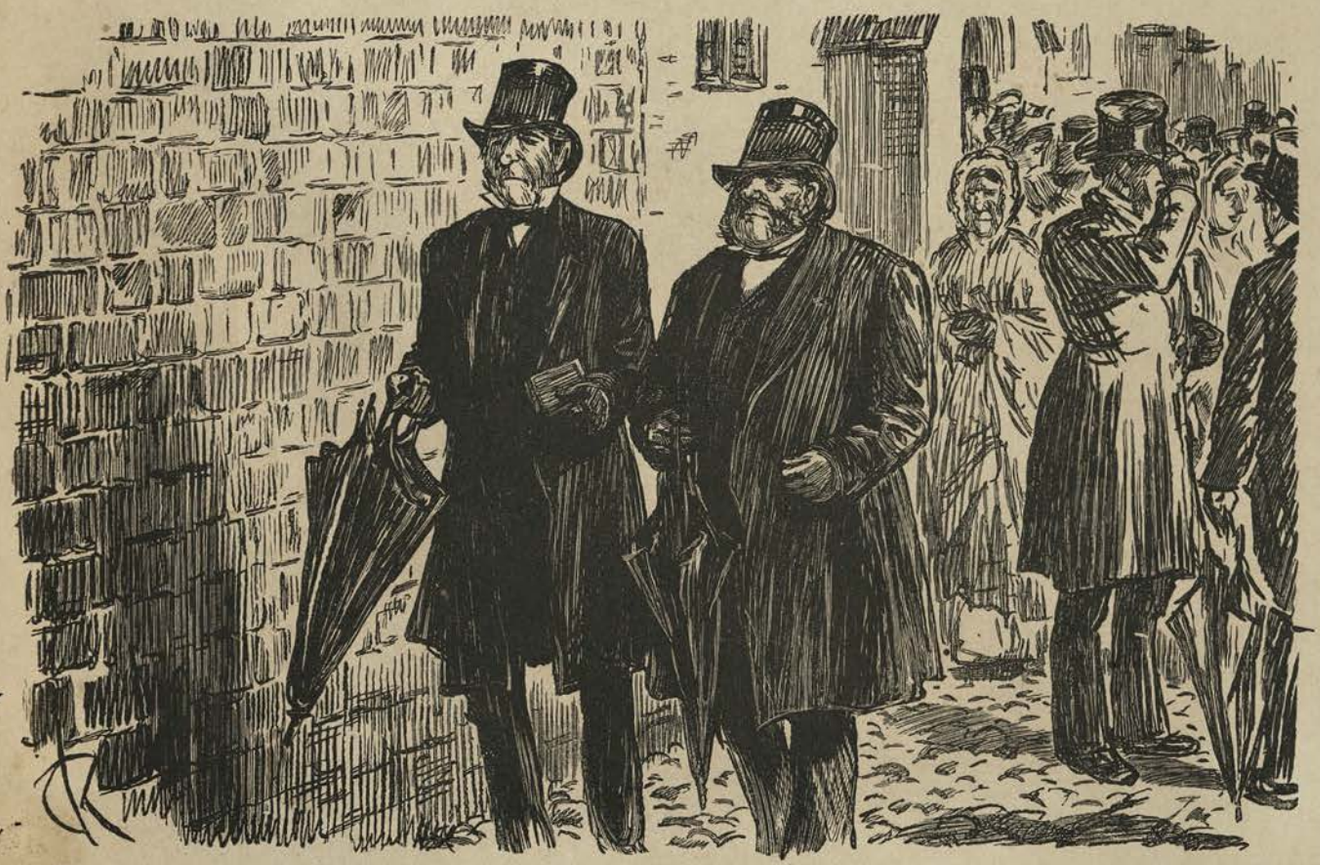
First Railway Porter. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BILL?"

Second ditto. "WHY, HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HISSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"

LOOKING FORWARD.

Clara. "WHAT DOES TOMMY THINK? WHY TOMMY HAS JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!"

Tommy. "HAVE I, THOUGH? HOW JOLLY—THERE'LL BE SOMEBODY NOW TO WEAR MY OLD CLOTHES!"



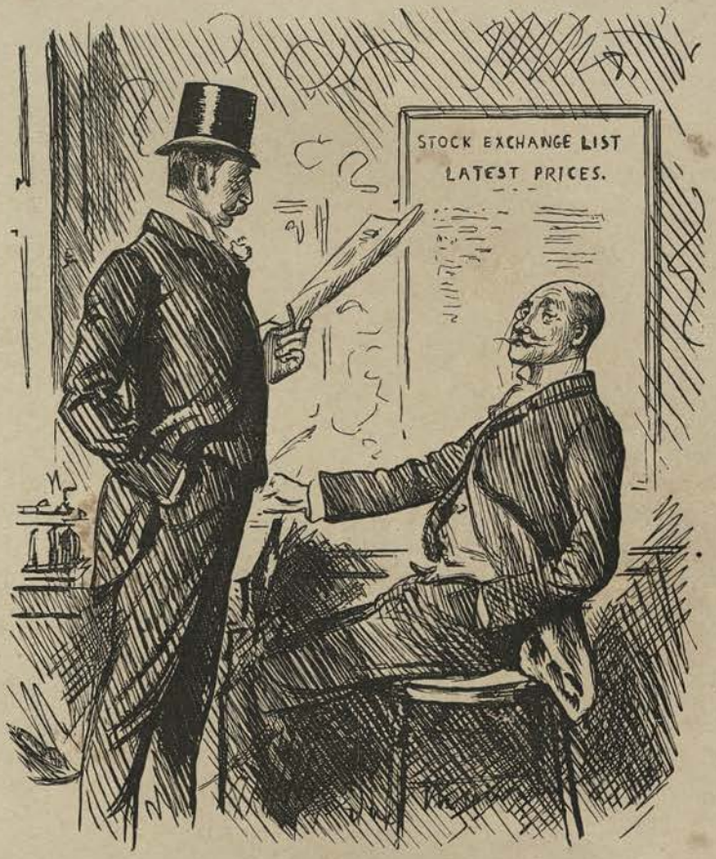
CONSCIENCE.

U. P. Elder. "THE MEENISTER NEEDNA' 'BEEN THAT HAURD EN HES DISCOORSE. THEER 'PLANTY O' LEEARS I' PEEBLES FORBYE ME!"

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere). "THANKS! HOW IS IT OMNIBUS MEN ARE SO MUCH CIVILLER THAN I'M TOLD THEY USED TO BE?"

Conductor. "YOU SEE, LADY, THERE'S SO MANY DECAYED ARISTOCRACY TRAVELS BY US NOWADAYS, THAT WE PICKS UP THEIR MANNERS!"



MONOPOLY.

First Stock Exchange Man (reading newspaper). "HULLO! POLICE RAID ON WEST-END GAMBLING CLUBS! AH—QUITE RIGHT—THERE'S TOO MUCH OF THAT SORT OF THING!"

Second S. E. M. "YES, A DEAL TOO MUCH. LOOK HERE. BET YOU SIX TO FOUR THEY GET OFF!" *First S. E. M.* "DONE, WITH YOU!"

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"

Artist. "OH, SO YOU THINK THE BACKGROUND'S BEASTLY, DO YOU?! PERHAPS THE CATTLE ARE BEASTLY TOO, THOUGH I FLATTER MYSELF——"

Friendly Critic. "OH NO, MY DEAR FELLOW! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY SHOULD BE!!"

THE AMATEURS.

Suburban Roscius. "AH, I SAW YOU WERE AT OUR 'THEATRICALS' THE OTHER NIGHT. HOW DID YOU LIKE MY ASSUMPTION OF *HAMLET?*"

Candid Friend. "MY DEAR F'LLAR—GREAT'ST PIECE OF ASSUMPTION I EVER SAW I' M' LIFE!"

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

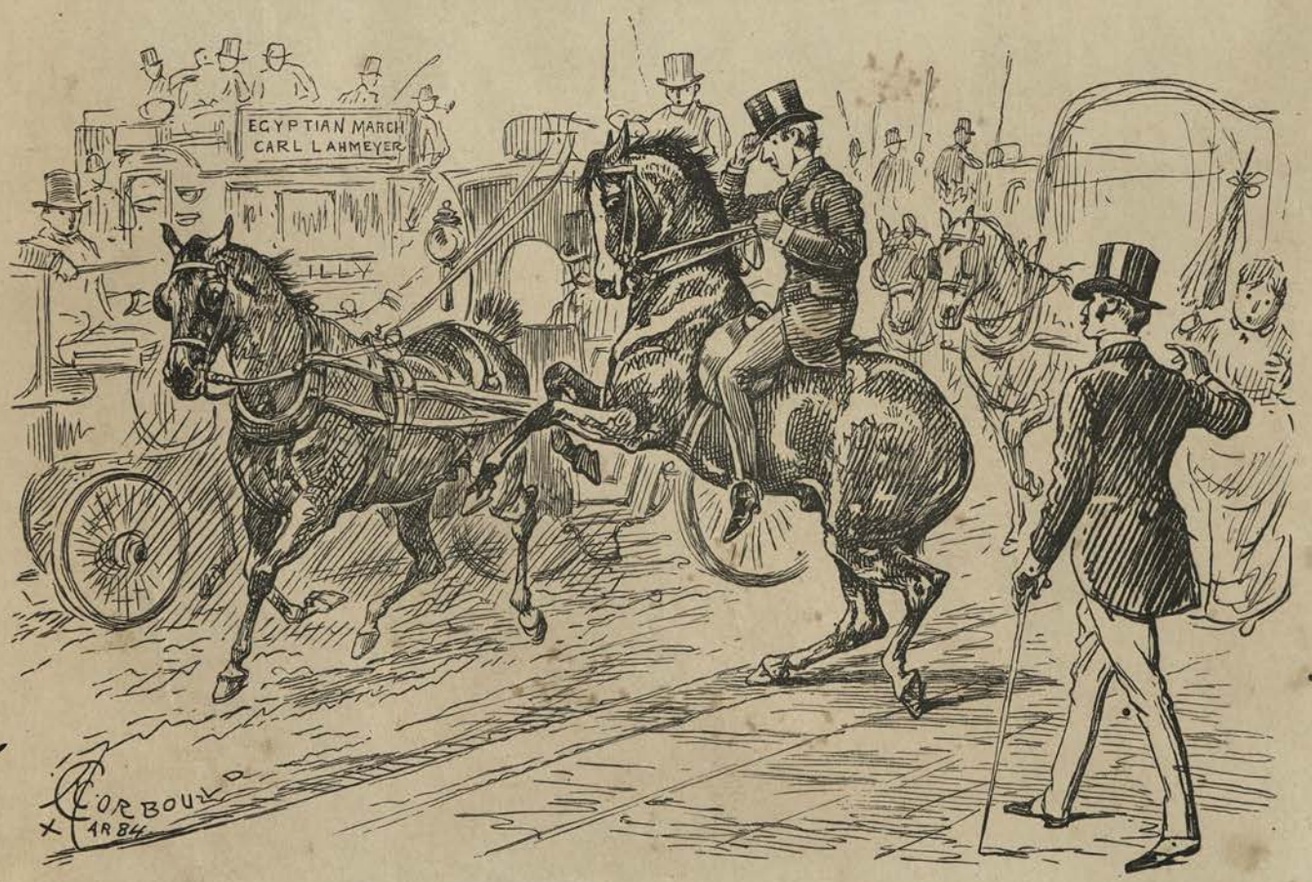
Parson (to Candidate for Sunday School). "HAVE YOU BEEN CHRISTENED MY BOY?"

Boy. "YESH, SHIR. GOT MARKS IN THREE PLASHES ON MY LEFT ARM!"

STARTLING!

Constable (to Nervous Passenger, arrived by the Ramsgate Train). "I'VE GOT YER"—(*"Ger-acious Heavens!" thinks little Skeery with a thrill of horror. "'Takes me for somebody that's 'wanted'!"*)—"A CAB, SIR!"

IT'S A GREAT THING FOR A MAN TO KNOW WHEN HE'S WELL OFF.



IGNORANCE AND NO BLISS.

Friend. "I SEE YOU RIDE UPON THE CURB."

Young Gent (jerkily, in difficulties). "NO—DON'T.—KEEP AS FAR—FROM—PAVEMENT AS—TRAFFIC—PERMITS. WOA! STAND STILL!"

CULTURE!

Our (Reg'lar) Dustman (on first Monday in May). "NOW, BETSY, VICH IS IT TO BE, MY DEAR?—THE HAHR-HAY, OR THE GRUV'NOR?!!"

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Hector. "NOW, THEN, YOUNG FELLER—WHO ARE YOU STARING AT?"

Hodge. "WHOY SHOULDN'T I STARE AT YER? *I PAYS VOR YER!*"

LATEST RAILWAY MARVEL.

Cent. "I SAY, PORTER, WHEN DOES THE NEXT TRAIN START?"

Irish Porter. "THE NEXT TRAIN! SURE, THE NIXT TRAIN HAS GONE TIN MINUTES AGO."

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

Parson. "BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT, I FANCY, BOY?"

Boy. "EES, I BE; 'COS I FEEDS MYSELF, AND YOU TEACHES ME!"

TEMPTING.

Maiden Aunt (sweetly). "RUN AWAY, HARRY, DARLING, AND GET ME MY WORK-BOX, AND *I'LL GIVE YOU A KISS!*"

Harry, Darling. "THEN I WON'T GO."

CONDESCENDING.

Master Tom (going back to School, to Fellow Passenger). "IF YOU'D LIKE TO SMOKE, YOU KNOW, GOV'NOUR, DON'T YOU MIND ME, I RATHER LIKE IT!"

"TRYING."

Country Photographer (removing Cap from the Lens). "QUITE STEADY, NOW, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

[*Not so easy with a Lively Wasp threatening your Nose—and the Negative is a Failure.*

A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Rude Boy. "I SAY, JACK, AIN'T HE A FINE UN?—D'YE THINK HE'S REAL, OR ONLY STUFFED?"

A FACT.

Mistress. "I THINK, COOK, WE MUST PART THIS DAY MONTH."

Cook (in astonishment). "WHY, MA'AM? I AM SURE I'VE LET YOU 'AVE YOUR OWN WAY IN 'MOST EVERYTHINK!"

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—AND HOW THEY WENT TO A BALL.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, HAVING RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO A BALL, AND NOT BEING "UP" IN THE POLKA, TAKE A FEW LESSONS FROM A PROFESSOR

WISHING TO LOOK KILLING ON THE OCCASION, THEY GET THEIR HAIR DRESSED.

SENSATION AMONG THE PUBLIC ON THEIR ARRIVAL.

THE "LIBRARY" AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL

"MR. ROBINSON!"

MR. ROBINSON MAKES HIMSELF AGREEABLE TO THE LADIES.

UNFORTUNATE EVENT! BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON ARE ALL STRUCK WITH THE YOUNG LADY.

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS MR. JONES AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE WAS UNDECIDED AS TO WHICH OF THAT ROW HE WOULD ASK TO DANCE.

ROBINSON IS HERE SEEN NOT ONLY AMUSING HIMSELF, BUT CAUSING AMUSEMENT TO OTHERS.

"MISS SMITH—MR. BROWN."

ROBINSON BEHOLDS BROWN POLKING, AND OH! HOW HE WISHES HE HAD THE COURAGE TO DO IT.

BROWN SITS WITH *HER* UPON THE STAIRS, BECAUSE "THE COOLNESS THERE IS SO DELICIOUS."

FRANTIC BEHAVIOUR OF ROBINSON, THIRSTING FOR ICE, AFTER EIGHT QUADRILLES.

THE PARTNER OF JONES'S AFFECTIONS BEING CARRIED OFF BY A HEAVY DRAGOON, HE (JONES) HATES THE WORLD FROM THAT MOMENT.

WE NEXT SEE HIM AT SUPPER.

WHAT THE HEAVY DRAGOON DID TO JONES IN HIS WRATH: JONES, GROWN RECKLESS WITH HATRED, JEALOUSY, AND CHAMPAGNE, HAVING INTIMATED THAT HE WAS A "PERSON."

IMPORTANT.

Little Boy. "HERE, YOUNG 'UN, JUST HOLD MY HOOP WHILE I GO AND TRANSACT A LITTLE BUSINESS."

THE GREAT TOBACCO QUESTION.

Experienced Smoker (loq.). "CIGARS? POOH!—CIGARS ARE ALL VERY WELL FOR BOYS, BUT GIVE *ME* A PIPE!"

HEART-BREAKING.

Philanthropist. "WHAT NOW, MY MAN?"

Street Boy. "THEY'VE BEEN AND GONE AND SPIKED MY PEA-SHOOTER!"

MIGHT VERSUS RIGHT.

Navigator. "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"

Policeman. "WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STATION-HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON."

Navigator. "*YOU* TAKE ME TO THE STATION-HOUSE? TEN ON YOU MIGHT!"

THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Visitor at Country House. "BY THE BYE, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO I *WAS* THIS MORNING, MARGUERITE!"

Small Daughter of the House. "NO; WHO *WERE* YOU?"

NATURAL HISTORY.

"LISTEN, AUNTIE; WHAT'S THAT?"

"IT'S THE CUCKOO, DARLING. DON'T YOU KNOW THE CUCKOO?"

"OH, YES! THE CUCKOO'S THAT HORRID BIRD THAT DOESN'T LAY ITS OWN EGGS!"

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

"NOW, JESSIE, SAY YOUR PRAYERS LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!"

"MAMMA, DEAR! WHY *MAYN'T I KNEEL DOWN, AND HOLD MY TONGUE,* AS PAPA DOES?"

A STUDIED INSULT.

Box-Office Keeper at the Imperial Music Hall (to Farmer Murphy, who is in Town for the Islington Horse Show). "BOX OR TWO STALLS, SIR?"

Murphy. "WHAT THE DEV'L D'YE MANE? D'YE TAKE ME AN' THE MISSUS FOR A PAIR O' PROIZE 'OSSES? OI'L HAVE TWO SATES IN THE DHRESS CIRCLE, AND LET 'EM BE AS DHRESSY AS POSSIBLE, MOIND!"

SO CONVENIENT!

Dealer's Man (confidentially). "NICE 'OSS, SIR. JUST SUIT *YOU*, SIR. NICE PERMISCUOUS 'OSS, SIR!—*YOU CAN SIT ON HIM A'MOST ANYWHERE!*"

NICE FOR HIS BOOTS!

"OH, CAPTAIN PINKTOP, I'M AFRAID MY SADDLE'S LOOSE! WILL YOU GET DOWN AND TIGHTEN THE GIRTHS?"

RATHER 'CUTE.

Small but Sharp Passenger. "LOOK HERE! YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME THE RIGHT CHANGE JUST NOW!"

Clerk. "TOO LATE, SIR! YOU SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN WHEN YOU TOOK YOUR TICKET!"

Passenger. "*SHOULD* I? WELL, IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO ME; BUT YOU GAVE ME HALF-A-SOVEREIGN TOO MUCH! TA-TA!" [*Exit.*

"HA! HA! THE WOOIN' O'T!"—*Old Song.*

Young Mistress (gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden-gate). "I SEE YOU'VE GOT A YOUNG MAN, JANE!"

Jane (apologetically). "ONLY WALKED OUT WITH HIM ONCE, M'UM!"

Mistress. "O, BUT I THOUGHT I SAW—DIDN'T YOU—DIDN'T HE—TAKE A KISS, JANE?"

Jane. "O, M'M, ONLY AS A FRIEND, M'M!!"

ADJUSTMENT.

Bootmaker (who has a deal of trouble with this Customer). "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WERE TO CUT YOUR CORNS, I COULD MORE EASILY FIND YOU A PAIR——"

Choleric Old Gentleman. "CUT MY CORNS, SIR!—I ASK YOU TO FIT ME A PAIR O' BOOTS TO MY FEET, SIR!—I'M NOT GOING TO PLANE MY FEET DOWN TO FIT YOUR BOOTS!!!"

"ON THE FACE OF IT."

Host. "I DON'T LIKE THIS LAFITTE HALF SO WELL AS THE LAST, BINNS. HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY DIFFERENCE?"

New Butler. "WELL, SIR, FOR MYSELF I DON'T DRINK CLARET; I FIND PORT AGREES WITH ME SO MUCH BETTER!!"

AT A HORSE FAIR.

Dealer. "NOW, GUV'NOR, SAY YOU'LL 'AVE 'IM FOR THIRTY-FIVE BOB. YOU CAN'T GET A GOOD SOUND YOUNG 'OSS LIKE 'IM FOR LESS!"

REFLECTED GLORY.

Visitor. "AND WHO ARE *YOU*, MY LITTLE MAN?"

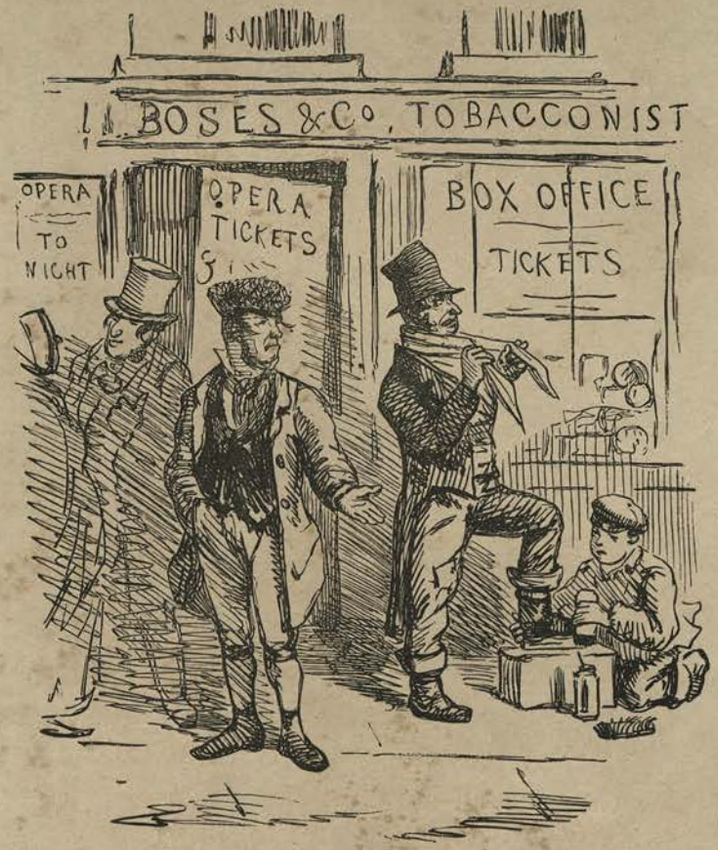
Cuthbert (with conscious pride). "I'M THE BABY'S *BROTHER!*"

A HINT FOR THE PARK.

WHY SHOULDN'T A GOOD OLD ECONOMICAL FASHION BE REVIVED IN ROTTEN ROW? WHY NOT? IT'S ENTIRELY A MATTER OF A PILLION.

"THE BLOCK SYSTEM."

Affable Old Lady (to Ticket Clerk—Morning Express just due). "NO, I'M NOT GOING UP THIS MORNING, BUT ONE OF YOUR PENNY TIME-TABLES, IF YOU PLEASE; AND CAN YOU TELL ME"—*(Shouts from the Crowd,* "NOW THEN, MUM!")—"IF THE 10·45 STOPS AT DRIBBLETHORP JUNCTION, AND IF SHANDRY'S BUS MEETS THE TRAINS, WHICH IT ALWAYS DOES ON MARKET DAYS, I KNOW, 'CAUSE MY MARRIED SISTER'S COUSIN, AS IS A FARMER, GENERALLY GOES BY IT. BUT IF IT DON'T COME O' TOOSDAY AS WELL AS WEDNESDAY, I SHALL HAVE TO GET OUT AT SHUNTBURY AND TAKE A FLY, WHICH RUNS INTO MONEY, YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU'RE BY YOURSELF LIKE. IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LOOK OUT THE TRAINS—AND CHANGE FOR HALF A SOVEREIGN, IF YOU PLEASE. OH NO I'M IN NO HURRY, AS I AIN'T A GOIN' TILL NEXT WEEK. FINE MORN——" *[Bell rings. Position stormed.*



OPERA FOR THE MILLION.

One of the Million. "NOW THEN, 'ENERY, COME ALONG! WE SHALL LOSE THE HOVERTURE!"

Another ditto. "WHY, WOT A PRECIOUS 'URRY YOU'RE IN. CAN'T YER WAIT TILL A COVE'S DRESSED?"

TOUCHING.

Groom (to Old Coachman). "WHY, GUV'N'R, WHAT HEVER'S THE MATTER?"

Old Coachman (sobbing). "AH, WILLIAM! MOST AFFECTIN' SIGHT! I'VE JUST SEEN THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB GOING DOWN TO GREENWICH! TEN ON 'EM! BEAUTIFUL TEAMS! AND DRIVEN BY REG'LAR TIP-TOP SWELLS! IT'S BIN A'MOST TOO MUCH FOR ME!" *[Is relieved by tears.*

PLEASANT!

Old Party (very naturally excited). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU ARE WIPING MY PLATE WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!"

Waiter (blandly). "IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—IT'S ONLY A DIRTY ONE!"

PERIL!

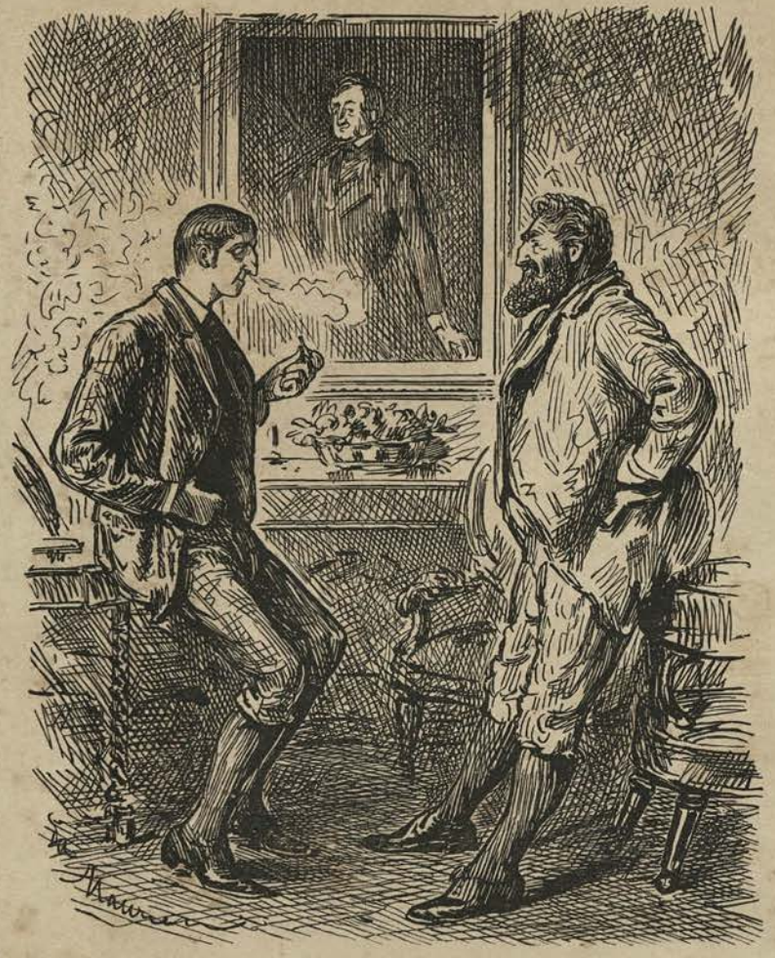
Gruff Voice (behind her—she thought she heard her own Name). "SHE'S A GETTIN' OLD, BILL, AND SHE SARTAIN'Y AIN'T NO BEAUTY! BUT YOU AND I'LL SMARTEN HER UP! GIVE HER A GOOD TARRIN' UP TO THE WAIST, AND A STREAK O' PAINT, AND THEY 'ONT KNOW HER AGAIN WHEN THE FOLKS COME DOWN A' WHITSUN'. COME ALONG, AND LET'S KETCH 'OLD OF HER, AND SHOVE HER INTO THE WATER FUST OF ALL!!"

Miss Isabella. "OH! THE HORRID WRETCHES! NO POLICEMAN IN SIGHT! NOTHING FOR IT BUT FLIGHT!" *[Is off like a Bird!*

MR. ATKINS AT HIS EASE.

ENCOURAGING, VERY!

Cockney Art-Teacher (newly arrived and nervous—after a long silence). "IF YOU *SHOULD* SEE A CHANCE O' DRORIN' ANYTHING CORRECTLY—*DO SO!!*" *[Collapse of expectant Student.*

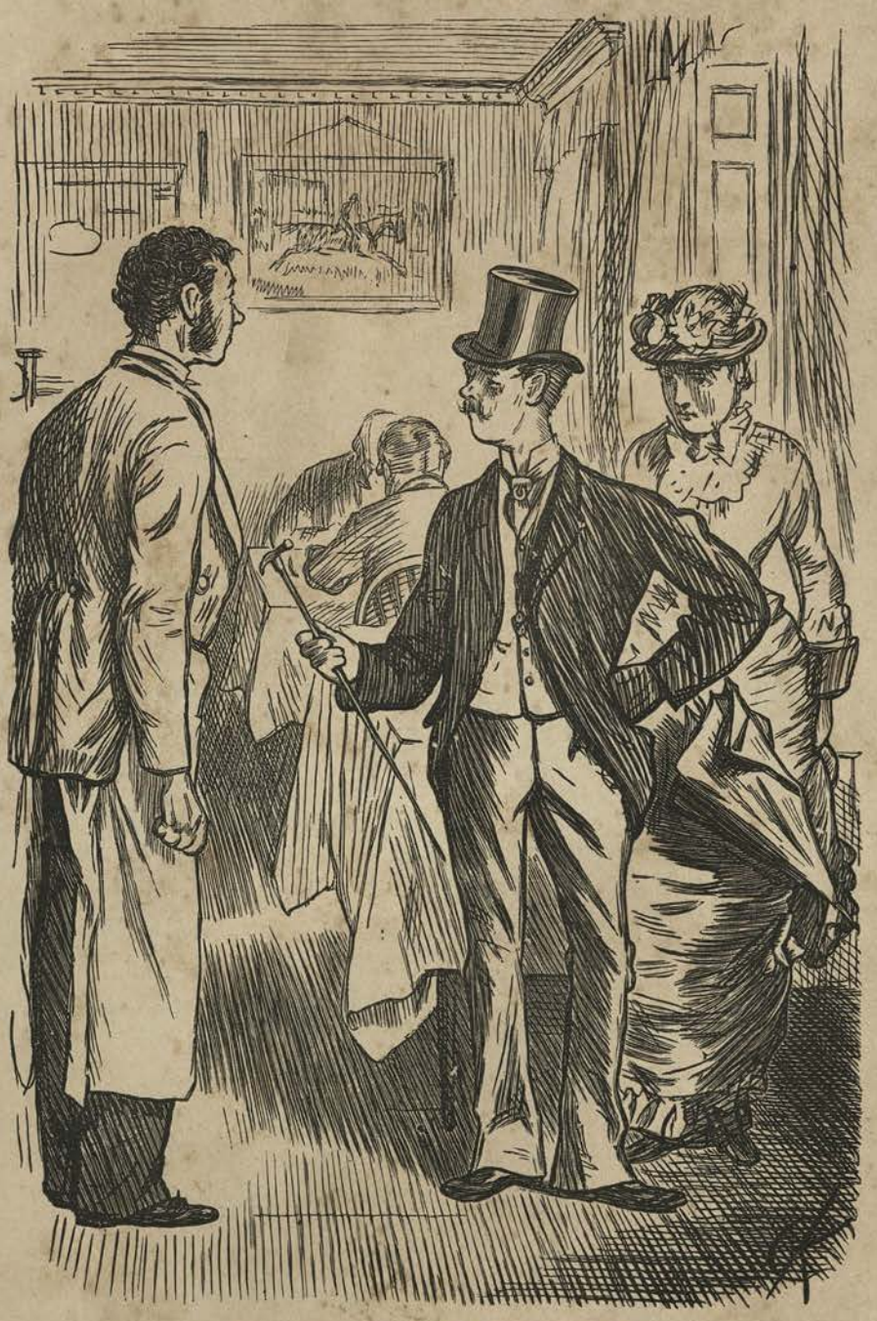


PROGRESS.

Angry Squire (to Extravagant Son). "I CAN'T SAY I THOUGHT MUCH OF *MY* FATHER'S OPINION. BUT, BY GEORGE! *YOU* SEEM TO LOOK UPON *ME* AS SIMPLY *A BORN IDIOT!*"

CULINARY CULTURE.

New Cook. "IF YOU'RE GOING UP-STAIRS, MR. RUGGLES, YOU MIGHT JUST TELL MY LADY THAT IF SHE CAN'T WRITE THE '*MENOO*' IN FRENCH, I SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO DO IT FOR HER!"



STANDING NO NONSENSE.

'Arry. "PHEW!"—*(the weather was warm, and they had walked over from 'Ammersmith)*—"BRING US A BOTTLE O' CHAMPAGNE, WAITER."

Waiter. "YESSIR—DRY, SIR?"

'Arry (haughtily, to put a stop to this familiarity at once). "NEVER YOU MIND WHETHER WE'RE DRY OR WHETHER WE AIN'T!—BRING THE WINE!"

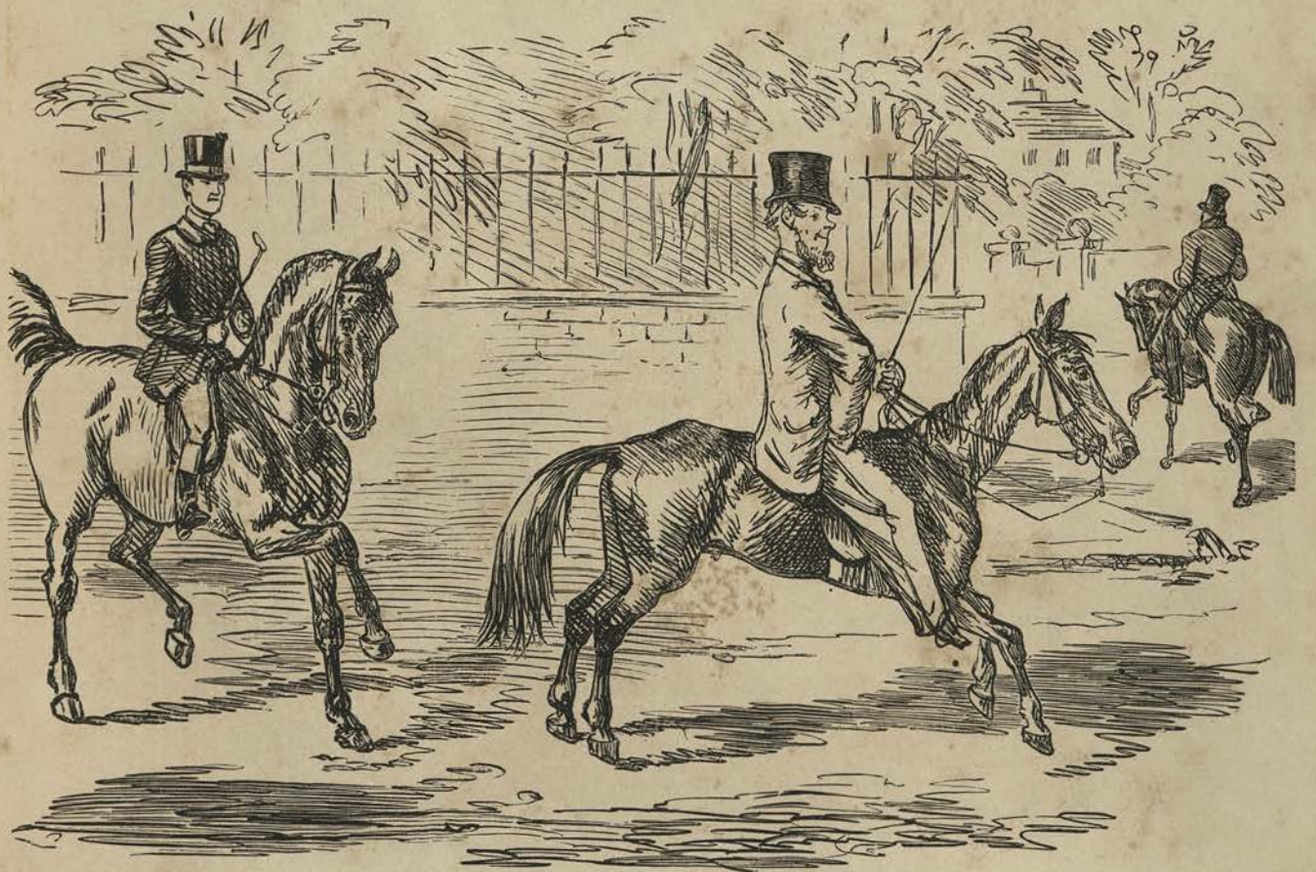
JOLLY FOR JONES.

Jones (singing his favourite Scena). "ADDIO LEON . . OR . A, AD . . DIO——" *['Bus suddenly stops.*

Cad (with asperity). "WHAT NOW!"

Driver. "WHY, YOU HOLLERED."

Cad. "GO ALONG WITH YOU. IT WARN'T ME A-HOLLERIN'." *[Jones tacet for the rest of the journey.*



STOLEN PLEASURES.

PORTRAIT OF TOMKINS, UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE PUBLIC TAKES THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GROOM FOR HIS.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Todeson (who has grown his Moustache, dropped his G's, and got into Society again). "FACT IS SOCIETY'S GETTIN' MUCH TOO MIXED, DUCHESS. IT'S NOT AMUSIN', AFTER SPENDIN' A PLEASANT EVENIN', TO FIND YOU'VE BEEN HOBNOBBIN' WITH A SHOPKEEPER, OR SITTIN' NEXT HIS WIFE AT DINNER, YOU KNOW!"

Her Grace. "OH, DEAR ME! WHY, MY *HUSBAND'S* A SHOPKEEPER, MR. TODESON. HE KEEPS THAT GREAT BRIC-A-BRAC WAREHOUSE IN CONDUIT STREET!—AND THE TOY-SHOP AT THE CORNER, THAT'S MINE!—AND THE CONFECTIONER OVER THE WAY, THAT'S MY MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF HAUTCASTEL!"

[Todeson feels he has been puttin' his foot in it.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS NOT HAPPILY SOLVED.

Husband. "OH, SIR JOHN, SO GLAD YOU HAVE CALLED!—AND SO KIND OF LADY DASHWOOD TO HAVE ASKED US TO HER PARTY!—BUT WE ARE QUITE IN A FIX WHEN TO COME, BECAUSE THE CARD SAYS 'EARLY AND LATE.'"

Sir John. "OH, I THINK I CAN TELL YOU. SEND YOUR WIFE VERY EARLY INDEED, AND YOU CAN COME AS LATE AS YOU LIKE."

Husband (who does not quite see it). "THANKS! THANKS! VERY MANY THANKS!"

HARDLY LIKELY.

(An Incident in a "Point to Point" Race.)

Fallen Competitor (to his Bosom Friend, who now has the Race in hand). "HI, GEORGE, OLD MAN! JUST CATCH MY HORSE, THERE'S A GOOD CHAP!"

PLEASURE *v.* APPETITE.

Uncle Harry. "NOW, TOMMY, WHICH AM I TO GIVE YOU?—THE PONY, OR THE CALF?"
Tommy. "OH, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE THE PONY." *(Pause.)* "BUT, UNCLE HARRY?"
Uncle Harry. "WELL, TOMMY?" *Tommy.* "I—I'M AWFULLY FOND OF VEAL!"

"LUCUS A NON LUCENDO."

"TUGAL', HAV' YE GOT A LICHT?" "YES, TONAL', BUT IT'S OOT."

A SOFT ANSWER.

Irascible Old Gent. "WAITER! THIS PLATE IS QUITE COLD!"

Waiter. "YESSIR, BUT THE CHOP IS 'OT SIR, WHICH I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT'LL WARM UP THE PLATE NICELY, SIR!"

"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

Young Housekeeper. "I'M AFRAID THOSE SOLES I BOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY WERE NOT FRESH. MY HUSBAND SAID THEY WERE NOT NICE AT ALL!"

Brighton Fisherman. "WELL, MARM, THAT BE YOUR FAULT—IT BEAN'T MINE. I'VE OFFERED 'EM YER EVERY DAY THIS WEEK, AND YOU MIGHT A' 'AD 'EM O' MONDAY IF YOU'D A LOIKED!"

"EXEMPLI GRATIA."

Ancient Mariner (to credulous Yachtsman). "A'MIRAL LORD NELSON! BLESS YER, I KNOWED HIM; SERVED UNDER HIM. MANY'S THE TIME I'VE AS'ED HIM FOR A BIT O' 'BACCO, AS I MIGHT BE A ASTIN' O' YOU; AND SAYS HE, 'WELL, I AIN'T GOT NO 'BACCO,' JEST AS YOU MIGHT SAY TO ME; 'BUT HERE'S A SHILLIN' FOR YER,' SAYS HE"!!

IN DIFFICULTIES.

Effie (who can't make her sum come right). "OH, I *DO* WISH I WAS A RABBIT SO!"

Maud. "WHAT FOR, DARLING?" *Effie.* "PAPA SAYS THEY *MULTIPLY* SO QUICKLY!"

REVOLTING MEANNESS!

Nurse (examining Christening Present, just received). "LOR, MA'AM, IF MR. MACSTINGY HAIN'T SENT DEAR BABY THE CUP HIS COCHIN-CHINA FOWL WON AT THE POULTRY SHOW!"

"AWEARY! AWEARY!"

Miss Certainage (who has been studying Schopenhauer, and has come to the conclusion that there is nothing but sorrow in life, sadly). "AH, MAJOR, I'M SURE I SHALL DIE YOUNG!"

Ethel. "OH NO, AUNT DEAR, I'M *CERTAIN* YOU WON'T!"

GEOLOGY.

Scientific Pedestrian. "DO YOU FIND ANY FOSSILS HERE?"

Excavator. "DUNNO WHAT YOU CALLS 'VOSSULS.' WE FINDS NOWT HERE BUT MUCK AND 'ARD WORK!"

HARD LINES.

'Bus Driver (12·30 p.m., in a hoarse whisper). "I'M LIKE THE PILGRIM O' LOVE, SIR!"

Prosaic Passenger (startled). "LIKE THE—WHAT?"

'Bus-Driver. "PILGRIM O' LOVE, SIR!—'NO REST FOR ME BUT THE GRAVE'!!"

[And then he explained how he'd been on the Box from 9 in the Morning, with two pulling horses, and rheumatics in both shoulder-blades!

"PLACES OF AMUSEMENT"!

Country Parson (who had been invited to Afternoon Tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury).
"LAMBETH PALACE—AND I'M AFRAID I'M RATHER LA——"

Cabby. "'L'AMBRA PALACE! WHY, TA DOON'T OOPEN TILL 'ALF-PAST EIGHT!"

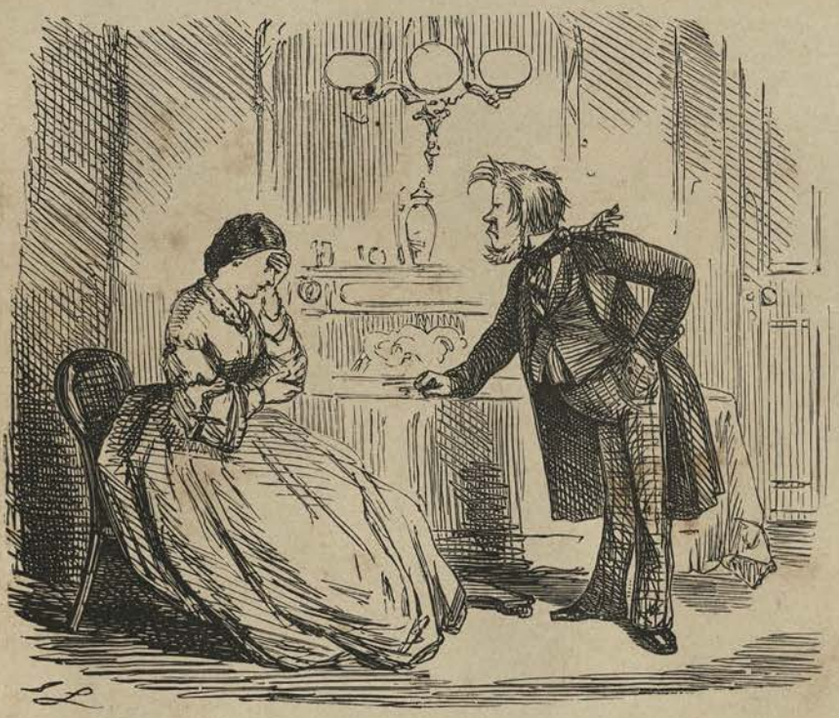
INGENIOUSLY PUT!

"NOW MASTER BOBBIE IS GOING TO BE A *GOOD BOY*, AND WATCH BABY, WHILE I GO AND HASK GREAT, BIG, FIERCE, MR. SOLDIER NOT TO *RUN AWAY* WITH MASTER BOBBIE."

IN THE SEASON.

James. "YOU DO A DEAL O' SHOPPIN', DON'T YOU, CHARLES?"

Charles. "YES, AND A GOODISH BIT O' HOPERA; BUT THE HEARLY MORNIN' CHURCH SERVICE TAKES IT OUT O' ME MOST!"



THE GREAT BOON.

Superior Being (!) "YOU'LL PLEASE TO OBSERVE, MUM, THAT A DIWORCE IS A MUCH EASIER MATTER THAN IT USED TO BE—SO NONE OF YOUR VIOLENCE!"

QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

Stout Passenger (obstreperously). "HOY! HOY! HOY!!"

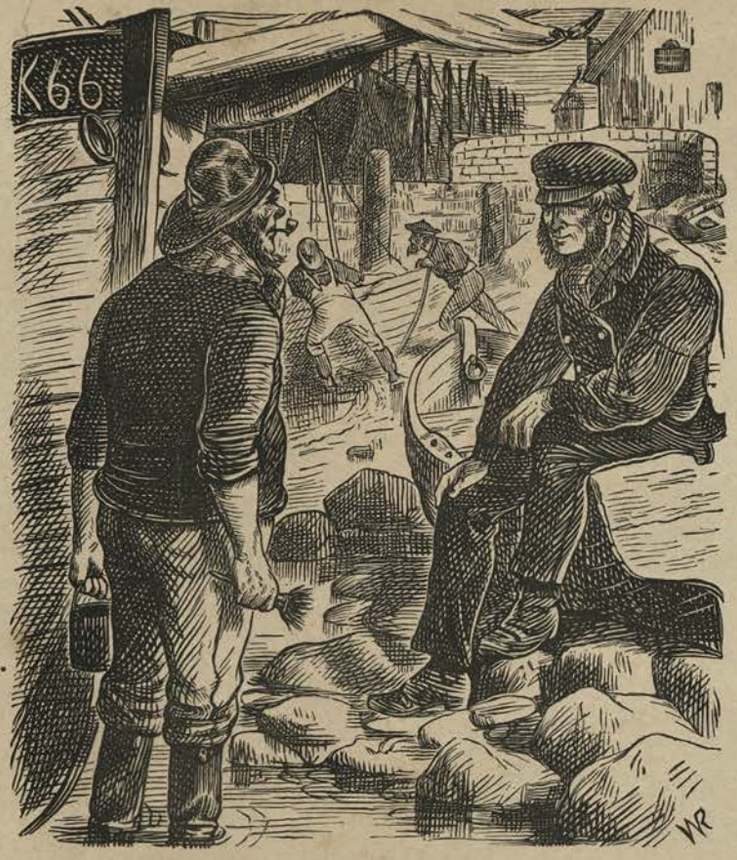
'Bus-Driver. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, WE CAN SEE YER, SIR; WE CAN SEE YER VITH THE NAKED EYE, SIR!"

AT THE ACADEMY.

Young Lady (indignant). "NOW, I TOLD YOU, PAPA, THIS WASN'T THE FASHIONABLE HOUR. WE'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT THESE HORRID PICTURES TO LOOK AT UNTIL THE PEOPLE COME!"

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF POOR TOMKINS TROTTING OUT HIS BEAUTIFUL HIGH CHEST NOTES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE OPPOSITE MEADOW? HIS FRIEND SMITH (BEHIND HIS BACK) IS GETTING ALL THE CREDIT FOR THEM, BY MERELY OPENING HIS MOUTH AND GESTICULATING TENDERLY WITH HIS SHOULDERS.



COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Dugald. "DID YE HEAR THAT SAWNEY McNAB WAS TA'EN UP FOR STEALIN' A COO?"

Donald. "HOOT, TOOT, THE STIPIT BODIE! COULD HE NO BOCHT IT AN' NO PAID FOR'T?'

"VITA FUMUS."

Tonal. "WHAR'LL YE HAE BEEN TILL, TUGAL?"

Tugal. "AT TA McTAVISHES' FUNERAL——"

Tonal. "AN' IS TA TAVISH DEED?"

Tugal. "DEED IS HE!!"

Tonal. "LOSH, MON! FOWK ARE AYE DEEIN' NOO THAT NEVER USED TO DEE AFORE!!"

A GOOD JUDGE.

Enthusiastic Artist. "MY DEAR SIR, KEEP THAT EXPRESSION FOR ONE MOMENT! YOU'VE GOT SUCH A SPLENDID HEAD FOR MY PICTURE OF THE 'CANTING HYPOCRITE!'"

"BLOOD'S NOT EVERYTHING."

The Gentleman riding. "THAT'S A VERY FIRST-RATE PONY OF YOURS, MY FRIEND—BROUGHT YOU UP THE HILL BEAUTIFULLY!"

The Gentleman driving. "AH, YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, MASTER. WHY, HE 'AD A GREAT GRANDFATHER AS WON THE DARBY, THAT LITTLE 'ORSE HAD! BUT THERE NOW, WHAT'S THE USE O' 'AVING GOOD BLOOD IN YER VEINS, WHEN YOU 'AS TO WORK FOR YER LIVIN'?"

GREAT ATTRACTION.

Scene—Derby Race-course.

"NOW, THEN, LADIES, HERE'S YER CHANCE! TH' WERRY 'OSS 'ER ROYAL 'IGHNESS RODE LAST DERBY!"

DERBY DAY. (TIME 11 A.M.)

Swell, from Coach (log.). "NOW, MY MAN, YOU MUST LOOK SHARP, OR YOU'LL SEE NOTHING OF THE RACE!"

Coster. "WHO ARE YOU A-TALKING TO, MR. CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK? HOW DO YOU KNOW BUT WHAT I HAIN'T A-GOING TO THE HOAKS?"

DAY BEFORE THE DERBY.

Costermonger (loq.). "AX YER PARDON, MISS, BUT I MUST GET YE TO TAKE A DOUBLE 'LOWANCE O' GREENS TO-DAY, AS TO-MORROW'S THE DERBY."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"DEAREST ROSALIND, HOW DELIGHTED I AM TO MEET YOU! ONE MOMENT LATER, AND MY NEW BONNET WOULD HAVE BEEN UTTERLY RUINED."

NOTHING LIKE DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Mrs. Buncher Greens. "DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT GOING TO HEPSOM; IT AIN'T A FIT PLACE FOR FEMALES. GIVE ME HASCOT IN YER OWN CARRIDGE."

Mr. B. G. "WELL, I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SARER—YOU MUST TRIM THE BARRER A BIT, OR YOU'LL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THE CUP!"

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Our Artist. "OH! MY DEAR OLD BOY! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! MY MODEL HASN'T COME, AND I'M IN A REGULAR FIX; SO, P'RAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND BEING MY DEAD ARTILLERYMAN FOR AN HOUR OR SO."

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

Blackguard Little Boy (to Queen's Coachman). "I SAY, COACHY, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

TU QUOQUE.

Human. "HAH! YOU'D BE A NICE CUSTOMER TO MEET ON THE LOOSE, ANYWHERES ARTER DARK, YOU WOULD!"

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Old Lady (wrathfully, but with dignity, to the Constable's scandalous suggestion). "IT'S NOTHING OF THE KIND, P'LICEMAN, THAT I CAN ASSURE YOU; BUT I HAVE UNFORTUNATELY ENTANGLED MY FOOT IN MY CRINOLINE, AND CAN'T GET IT OUT!"

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Mistress (to applicant for situation, who has been dismissed from her last place). "SO YOU'VE JUST LEFT? DIDN'T YOUR SITUATION SUIT YOU?"

Martha. "OH YES, 'M. SITUATION SOOTED ME VERY WELL. IT WAS ME, MUM, AS DIDN'T SOOT THE SITUATION!"

CULTCHAH!

Ingenuous Youth. "MAY I—A—OFFER YOU *HAPPY THOUGHTS*, FROM *PUNCH?*"

Fair Girtonite. "A—THANKS; BUT I HAVE PROVIDED MYSELF WITH THE 'PENSÉES OF PASCAL.'"

RECIPROCAL.

Sporting Gentleman. "WELL, SIR, I'M VERY PLEASED TO HAVE MADE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, AND HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF HEARING A CHURCHMAN'S VIEWS ON THE QUESTION OF TITHES. OF COURSE, AS A COUNTRY LANDOWNER, I'M INTERESTED IN CHURCH MATTERS, AND——"

The Parson. "QUITE SO—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE. ER—BY THE BYE, COULD YOU TELL ME *WHAT'S WON TO-DAY?*"

INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENTS.

English Workman (to Scotch Ditto). "I SAY, SANDY, HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PHOTYGRAPH DONE YET? 'CAUSE WHEN YOU DO, MIND YOU HAVE IT TAKEN 'PLAIN,' AND NOT 'VI'NETTE,' OR ELSE I'M BLEST IF IT'LL BE LIKE YER!!"

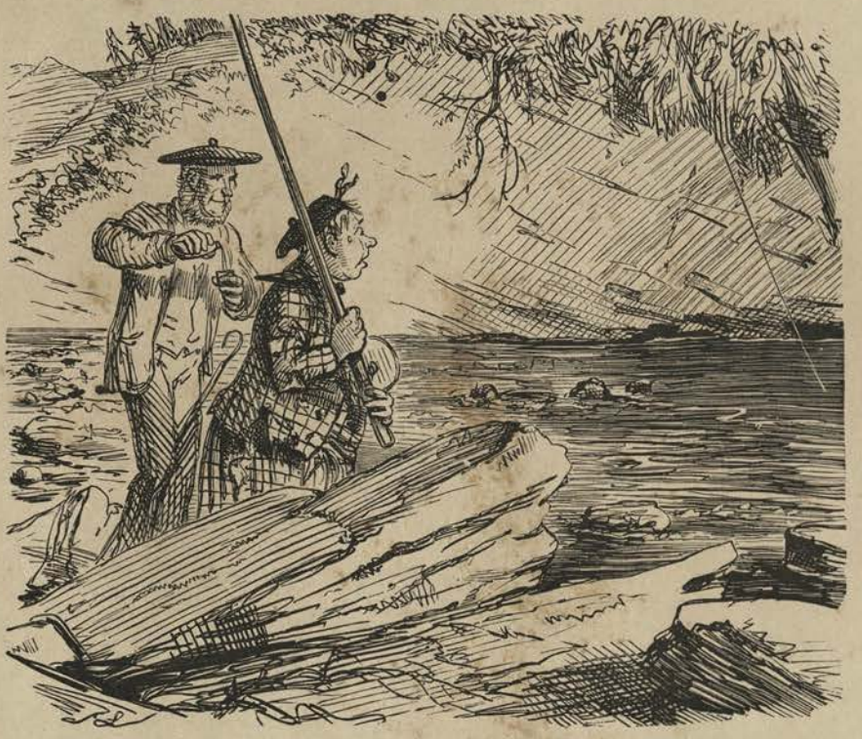
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

MR. BRIGGS, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A "COMPLETE ANGLER," STUDIES THE "GENTLE ART" OF FLY-FISHING

HE IS HERE SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING HIS TACKLE IN ORDER, AND TRYING THE MANAGEMENT OF HIS LINE.

MR. B. AS HE APPEARED FROM SIX IN THE MORNING UNTIL THREE IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN—

HAVING HOOKED A "FISH," HE IS LANDED TO PLAY IT. THE FISH RUNS AWAY WITH HIM—AND MR. B. IS DRAGGED ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF OVER WHAT HE CONSIDERS A RATHER DIFFICULT COUNTRY.

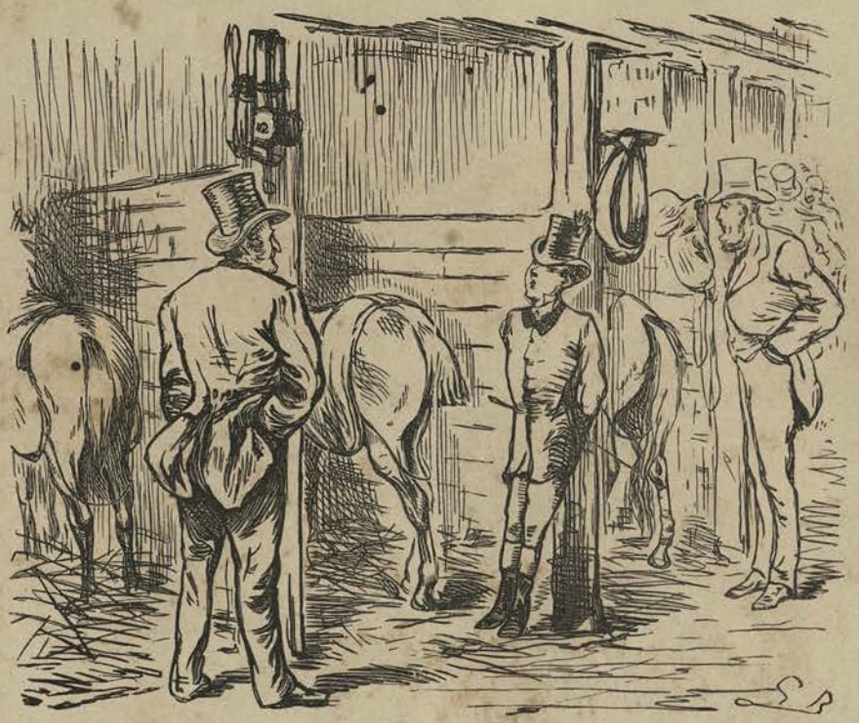


ON ARRIVING AT "HELL'S HOLE," HE IS DETAINED FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, WHILE THE FISH SULKS AT THE BOTTOM.—

THE FISH HAVING REFRESHED HIMSELF, AND RECOVERED HIS SPIRITS, BOLTS AGAIN WITH MR. B.

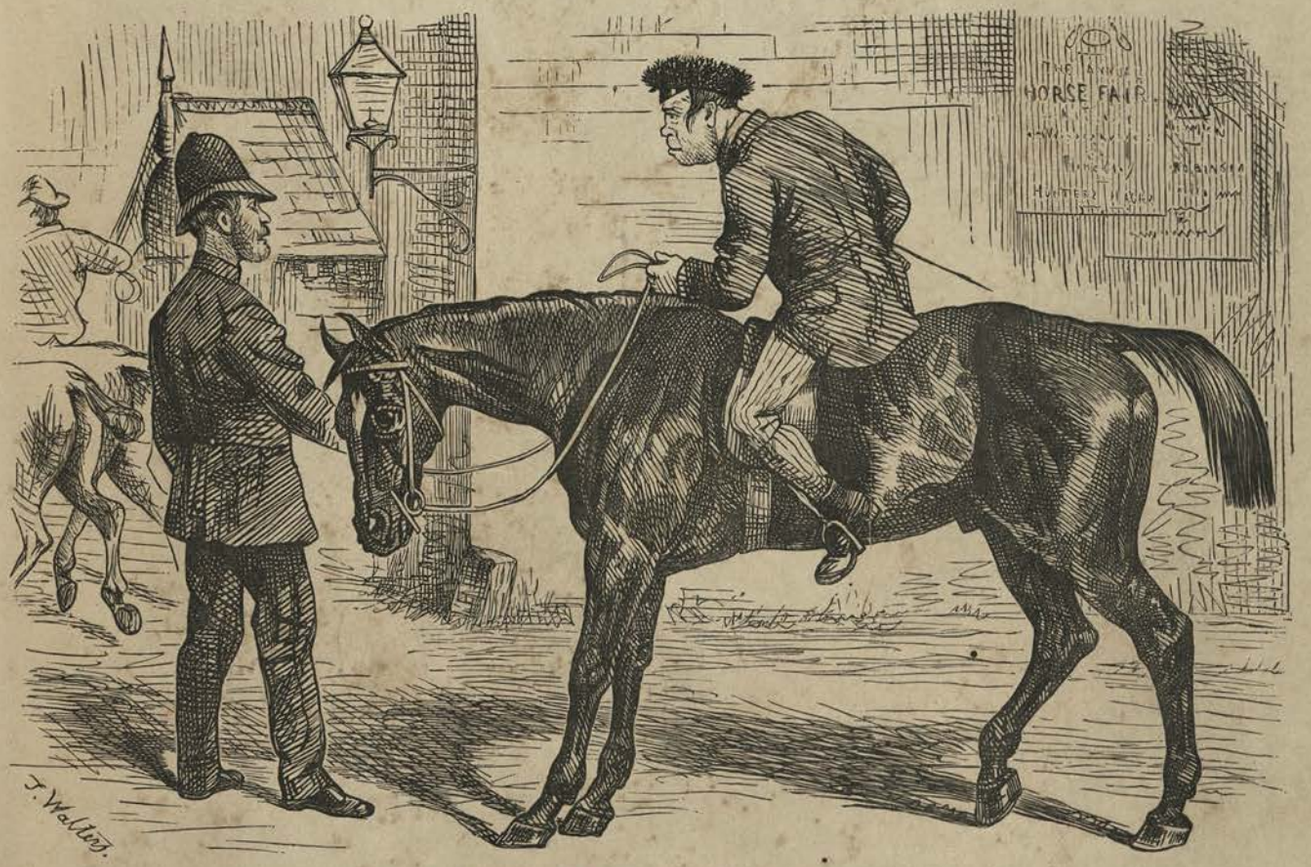
AFTER A LONG AND EXCITING STRUGGLE, MR. B. IS ON THE POINT OF LANDING HIS PRIZE, WHEN—THE LINE UNFORTUNATELY BREAKS!

HOWEVER, IN MUCH LESS TIME THAN IT HAS TAKEN TO MAKE THIS IMPERFECT SKETCH—ACCOUTRED AS HE IS—HE PLUNGES IN—AND AFTER A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER, HE SECURES A MAGNIFICENT SALMON, FOR WHICH HE DECLARES HE WOULD NOT TAKE A GUINEA A POUND!—AND IT IS NOW STUFFED IN THE GLASS-CASE OVER THE ONE WHICH CONTAINS HIS LATE FAVOURITE SPOTTED HUNTER.



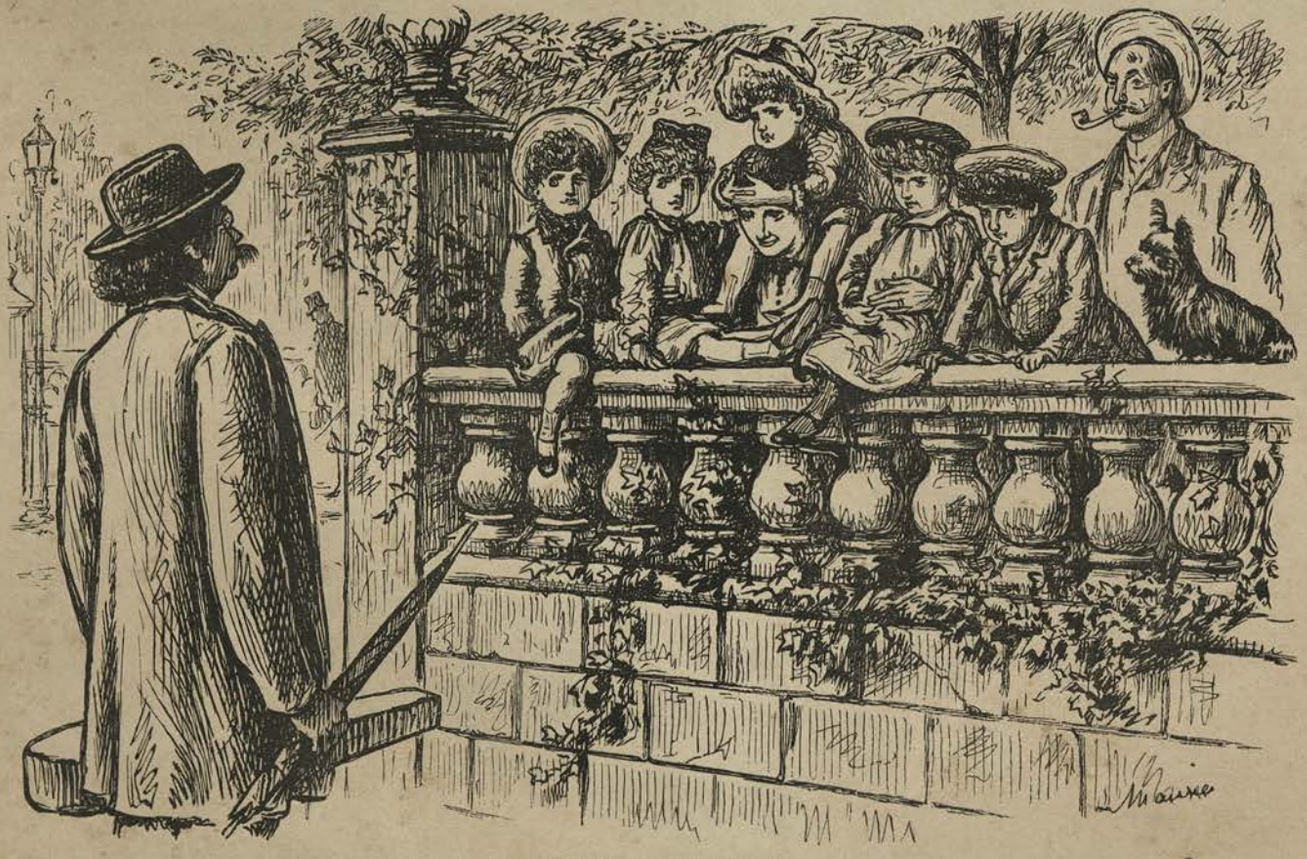
STRICTLY ORNAMENTAL.

Farmer (at the Horse—and Man—Show). "ARE YOU HERE TO LOOK AFTER THIS PONY?"
Small Groom. "NO, ANOTHER MAN DOES THAT. I'M HERE FOR SHOW WITH THE PONY."



SHOWS HIS BREEDING.

Equestrian (to Policeman on the look-out for a Stolen Horse). "'HOW DID I COME BY 'IM?' WHY, BRED 'IM MYSELF, TO BE SURE—DOWN A A LITTLE PLACE O' MY OWN."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Mrs. Triplets. "AND HOW IS YOUR CONCERT GETTING ON, HERR PFEIFFER?"

Eminent Violinist. "*PUDIFUL*, AS FAR AS DE *BROGRAMME* IS GONCERNED—BEETHOVEN—SCHUMANN—BRAHMS! BUT ZE *DICKETS* DON'T ZELL!! ACH! PY ZE VAY, MRS. TRIPLETS, YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAF ZOCH A ZING AS A *MOOZICÂLISH INFANTILE VENOMENON* APOUT YOU ZAT YOU COULD LEND ME FOR ZE OCCASION—JA? GONZERTINA!—PANTSCHO!—PONES!—GOMB!—*ANYZING* VILL BLEASE ZE PRITISH BOBLIC, *IF ZE BERFORMER IS ONTER VIFE YEARS OLT!*"

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QUITE UNANSWERABLE.

Ethel. "MAMMY DEAR! WHY DO YOU POWDER YOUR FACE, AND WHY DOES THOMAS POWDER HIS HAIR? I DON'T DO EITHER!"

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

"I SAY, COUSIN CONSTANCE, I'VE FOUND OUT WHY YOU ALWAYS CALL YOUR MAMMA *'MATER.'*" "WHY, GUY?"

"BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO FIND A *MATE* FOR YOU GIRLS."

IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME,

(1) WHEN YOU ARE WALKING, AND THE SUMMER SHEDS HER TEARS,

(2) IF A FRIEND SHELTERS UNDER YOUR UMBRELLA,

(3) YOU WILL BOTH GET WET. THEREFORE—

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Lecturer (on the Classical Essayists of the Last Century—most interesting). "WE TALK OF FOOD FOR THE MIND, AS WELL AS OF FOOD FOR THE BODY,—NOW A GOOD BOOK——"

Sporting Man (interrupting—he found it rather slow). "'EAR, 'EAR!—ANY GENT WANT TO DO ANYTHINK OVER THE HASCOT CUP?!"

IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME.

(4) BIDE YOUR TIME, AND PRESENTLY CALL TO YOU

(5) ANOTHER FRIEND; WHEN—

(6) YOUR TWO FRIENDS WILL GET WET, BUT YOU WILL KEEP DRY!

[*Verbum sap. sat.*

A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT.

Guard (to Excited Passenger at the Edinburgh Station, just as the Train is Starting). "YE'RE TOO LATE, SIR. YE CANNA ENTER."
Stalwart Aberdonian. "A' MAUN!" *Guard (holding him back).* "YE CANNA!"
Aberdonian. "TELL YE A' MAUN—A' WEEL!" *(Gripping Guard.)* "IF A' MAUNNA, YE SANNA!!!"

RATHER AWKWARD!

Private and Landlord, to his Sergeant and Tenant (aside). "LOOK HERE, MR. SLANGHAM, IF YOU COME DOWN UPON ME SO SHARP AT DRILL, I'LL—BLOWED IF I DON'T RAISE YOUR RENT!"

POOR OLD THING!

Old Mrs. Jamborough (who has come up with J. to see the Exhibition). "THOSE NASTY SCROWGING UMLIBUSSES MAY BE WERY CONWENIENT; BUT LAUKS! THEY'RE RUINATION TO YOUR CRINERLINES, MY DEARS. MINE'S ALL IN KNOTS WITH 'EM."

THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE.

"WELL, I THINK YOU WILL SUIT ME. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"SHAKESPEARE, MA'AM; BUT NO RELATION TO THE PLAY-ACTOR OF THAT NAME!"

"EELS OVER HEAD."

POTTLES, WHO GOES IN FOR DEEP DIVING, HAS GOT IN A HOLE THIS TIME, AND NO MISTAKE!

"AND IF A MAN DID NEED A POISON NOW,

* * * * *

HERE LIVES A CAITIFF WRETCH WOULD SELL IT HIM."

Romeo and Juliet, Act v., Scene 1.

"WHAT ARE THESE?
SO WITHER'D AND SO *WILD IN THEIR ATTIRE?*"

Macbeth, Act i., Scene 3.

AN ENVIOUS PARTY.

Conductor (with a sneer). "WHEN YOU A' DONE ADMIRIN' YERSELF IN THAT PLATE GLASS WINDER, P'RHAPS YOU'LL GO ON WITH THE BUS!"

REACTION.

Shortsighted Old Lady. "HI! OMLIBUS! HI!"

Hearse-Driver (unbending) "ALL RIGHT, MUM! MOST 'APPY, MUM! DI-RECTLY, MUM!"

REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Scene—A Drawing-room in "Passionate Brompton."

Fair Æsthetic (suddenly, and in deepest tones, to Smith, who has just been introduced to take her in to Dinner). "ARE YOU *INTENSE?*"

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?!!

First Slender Invalid. "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT A BEASTLY THING THIS INFLUENZA IS, EH? I'M JUST GETTING OVER IT."

His Wasting Friend. "AH! YOU'RE RIGHT, MY BOY! I'VE HAD IT TOO, AND THE WORST OF IT IS, IT *PULLS A FELLOW DOWN* SO FEARFULLY!!"

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

He. "OH, IF I'D ONLY BEEN A 'BEAR'!"

She. "IF YOU HAD BEEN, YOU COULDN'T GROWL WORSE THAN YOU DO!"

OVERHEARD AT BUFFALO BILL'S.

Old Buffer. "UGH! I'M TIRED TO DEATH OF BEING HUNTED! BLESSED IF I'LL RUN AWAY FROM THOSE BLANK CARTRIDGES AGAIN!"

Broncho. "YES, YOU BET! AND I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO QUIT BUCKING. IT'S PERFECTLY SICKENING HAVING TO DO IT FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S END!"

HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOU ARE A NERVOUS RIDER, AND RATHER AFRAID OF YOUR NEW MARE, IT'S BETTER TO LEAVE YOUR SPURS ON, THAN TO PUT THEM INTO YOUR POCKET!

MAXIMS FOR THE BAR.

"NEVER MISS A CHANCE OF INGRATIATING YOURSELF WITH THE JURY, EVEN AT THE EXPENSE OF THE JUDGE."
(AN OPPORTUNITY OFTEN OCCURS AFTER LUNCH.)

COMPLIMENTS.

"The Court" (thinking aloud). "HU—M—'MARKABLY FINE YOUNG WOM——!" *The Witness (overhearing).* 'EXCELLENT JUDGE!!"

TREAT AT "THE COLINDERIES."

Eton Boy. "'GLASS O' SHERRY AND BITTERS, AND SOME MILK AN' WATER FOR THE LADY!"

TRUSTWORTHY AUTHORITY.

Host. "MICHAEL, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO DECANT THE BEST CLARET?"
Michael. "YOU DID, SORR." *Host.* "BUT THIS ISN'T THE BEST."
Michael. "NO, SORR; BUT IT'S THE BEST YOU'VE GOT!"

UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSION.

Old Batchelor (who caters for himself). "MRS. SMITH, I DIDN'T CARE FOR THAT LEG OF MUTTON I BOUGHT YESTERDAY. IT HAD A QUEER FLAVOUR!"

Landlady. "OH, SIR, IT WAS A BEAUTY! AND SO *DELICIOUSLY TENDER!*

SONGS OF THE SUMMER.

"THE WEATHER SEEMS TO BE IMPROVING, NUPKINS!"

"YES, MISS; THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO IS A-'OLLERIN', EVERY NIGHT!"

SYMPTOMS OF A BANK HOLIDAY.

METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO STATION. *Puzzle*—TO FIND THE TRAIN YOU WANT, OR ANYONE ABLE TO GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION.

A TRYING MOMENT.

Little Smuggyns. "MY DANCE!"

A SEVERE SENTENCE.

She. "YES, DEAR, I'M AFRAID COOK WANTS JUDGMENT." *He.* "JUDGMENT? SHE WANTS EXECUTION!"

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Country Parson (to hard-drinking Old Pauper). "WHY, SURELY, MUGGRIDGE, YOU WERE RELIEVED LAST WEEK FROM THE COMMUNION ALMS!"

Muggridge. "COMMUNION ARMS, SIR! 'S TRUE'S I STAND HERE, NEVER VAS INSIDE THE 'OUSE IN ALL MY LIFE, SIR! NEVER HEERD OF IT, SIR!"

"WIDE AWAKE."

Guard. "TICKETS, PLEASE!"

Rustic. "WHA—AT?"

Guard. "LET ME HAVE YOUR TICKET, AND LOOK SHARP!"

Rustic. "NOA, NOA, I 'BEEN AN' GIVE FOIVE BOB FOR MOY TICKUT, AN' I BEAN'T A GAWN TO GIVE UN UP TO YOU. IF THEE WANTS TO TRAVEL, WHY DOANT 'E BUY ONE YOURSEN?"!!

VERJUICE!

Farmer's Wife (whose Beer is of the smallest). "WHY, YOU HEVN'T DRUNK HALF OF IT, MAS'R GEARGE!"

Peasant (politely). "THANKY', MU'M—ALL THE SAME, MU'M. BUT I BEAN'T SO THUSTY AS I THOUGHT I WOR, MU'M!!"

A VERY SHOCKING BOY, INDEED!

Mamma. "NOW, SIR—IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE BETTER, I WILL TELL PAPA OF YOU, AND HE WILL BOX YOUR EARS!"

Shocking Boy. "WELL, THEN, GO! MARCH!! AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU!!!"

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Master Jack. "NOW THEN, CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME YOUR PAINT BOX?"

Charlotte. "NO, SIR. YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS YOU MADE OF IT LAST TIME!"

Master Jack. "VERY WELL. THEN I'LL PUT MY GUINEA PIG ON YOUR NECK!"

AT THE HORSE-SHOW.

Ethel (to Papa, who has been to Luncheon). "YOU'VE NOT MISSED MUCH, PAPA. THERE HAS ONLY BEEN ONE MAN IN THE BROOK, AND TWO TUMBLES AT THE HURDLES!"

RURAL STUDIES.—YEOMANRY GOING TO DRILL.

Nurserymaid. "LOR', MARIA! DON'T THEY LOOK NOBLE?"

HABITUAL OFFENDERS.

Wagg. "I SAY IT'S A *WEASEL!*"
Grigg. "I SAY IT'S A *STOAT!*"
Wagg. "MY DEAR FELLOW, A STOAT'S SO *WEASILY* DISTINGUISHED!"
Grigg. "A WEASEL'S *STOATALLY* DIFFERENT, MY DEAR FELLOW!"

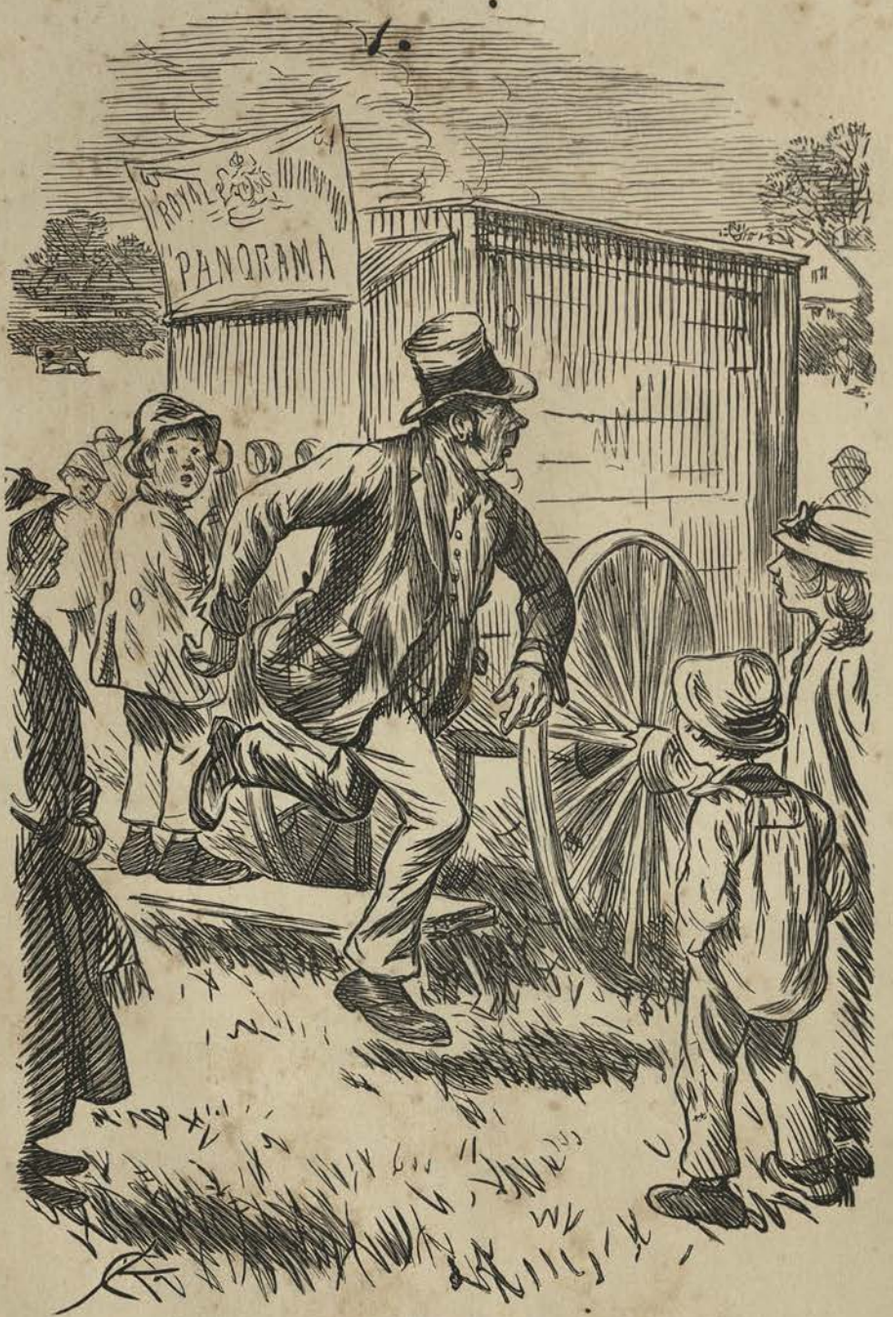
[*Proceed unabashed on their Tour.*

TRUE MODESTY.

Mr. Spinks. "I HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DREAM LAST NIGHT, MISS BRIGGS! I THOUGHT I WAS IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN——"

Miss Briggs (with simplicity). "AND DID EVE APPEAR AS SHE IS GENERALLY REPRESENTED, MR. SPINKS?"

Mr. Spinks. "I—I—I—I DIDN'T LOOK!"



"STARTLING EFFECTS!"

Peep-Showman. "ON THE RIGHT YOU OBSERVE THE 'XPRESS TRAIN A-COMIN' ALONG, AN' THE SIGNAL LIGHTS, THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SI'NIFIES 'DANGER'"—

Small Boy (with his Eye to the Aperture). "BUT WHAT'S THE YALLER LIGHT, SIR?"

Peep-Showman (slow and impressive). "THERE AIN'T NO YALLER LIGHT—BUT THE GREEN AND THE RED. THE GREEN LIGHTS MEANS 'CAUTION,' AND THE RED LIGHTS SI'NIF——"

Small Boy (persistently). "BUT WHA'S THE OTHER LIGHT, SIR?"

Peep-Showman (losing patience). "'TELL YER THERE AIN'T NO——" *(takes a look—in consternation).*—"BLOWED IF THE DARNED OLD SHOW AIN'T A-FIRE!!"

TRUTH IS GREAT.

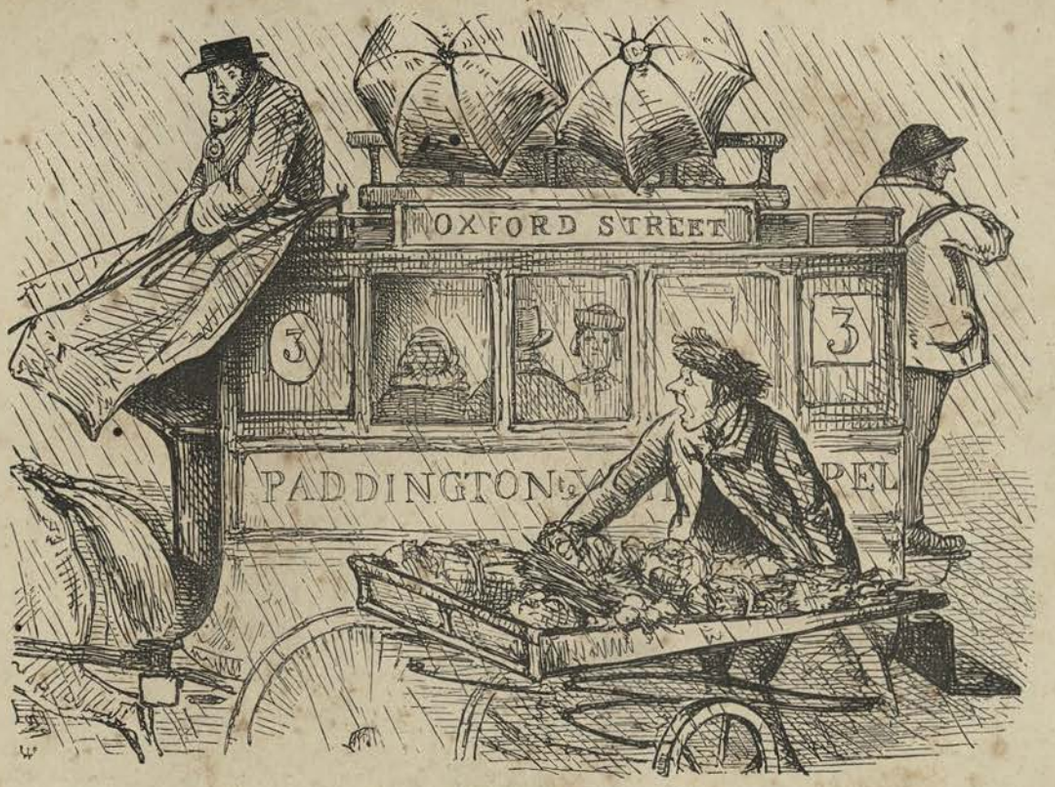
Unsophisticated Little Girl. "NOW, YOU A' DONE, BILLY. IF YOU AIN'T QUIET DIRECTLY, I'LL GIVE YER TO THIS GREAT, BIG, HUGLY MAN!"

[*Immense delight of Swell in gorgeous array.*

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

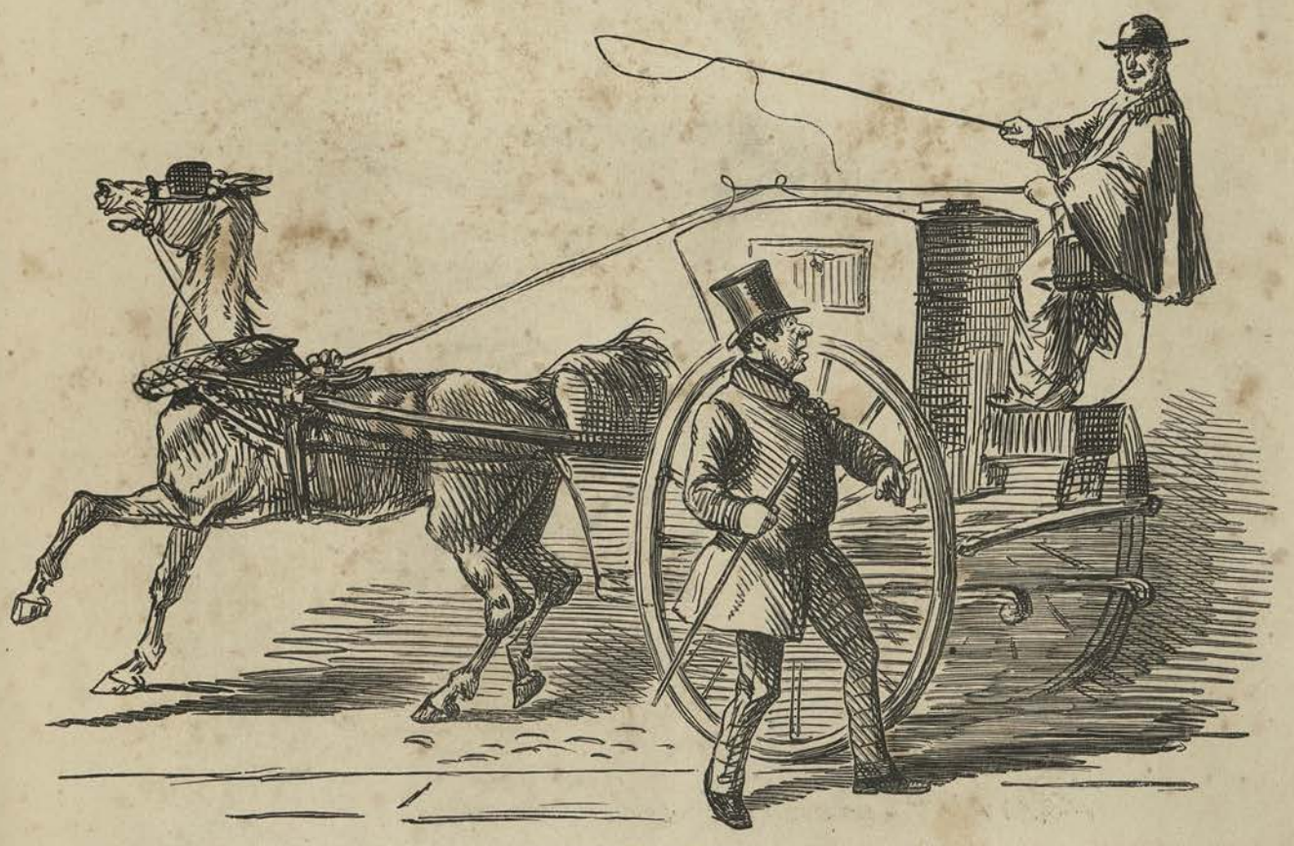
Mary. "WHY, TUMMAS, IT'S THE VERY MORAL OF YER!"

Tummas. "PRETTY THING, AIN'T IT? PITY THE YALLER OF THE UNIFORM COMES SO BLACK!"



OBVIOUS.

Costermonger. "NOW THEN, *YOU*—VERE ARE YOU A-DRIVING TO?"
'Bus Driver. "WHY, CAN'T YOU SEE? TO PADDINGTON—I'M SURE IT'S WRIT UP BIG ENUFF!"



ACCOMMODATING.

Cabbie. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN. DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"

ZEAL.

Saxon Tourist. "BEEN AT THE KIRK?"

Saxon T. "HOW FAR IS IT?"

Celt. "DAUR SAY IT'LL BE FOURTEEN MILE."

Saxon T. "FOURTEEN MILES!!"

Celt. "AYE, AW'M AWFU' FOND O' THE PREACHIN'!"

Celt. "AYE."

ACADEMY PENCILLINGS.

Affable Stranger. "THERE, SIR, MY WORK 'UNG ON THE LINE AGAIN! SIR FRANCIS *CAN* APPRECIATE A GOOD THING, SIR."

Astonished Stranger. "EH? WHAT? I THOUGHT MILLAIS PAINTED THIS——"

Affable Stranger (contemptuously). "POOH! 'E MAY HAVE PAINTED IT, BUT I MADE THE FRAME!"

HAZARDOUS!

Husband. "IF COOK ISN'T PUNCTUAL TO-DAY, LOVE, GIVE HER A GOOD—BLOW HER UP WELL!"
Wife. "MY DEAR CHARLES!—WELL, WILL YOU COME AND STAND BEHIND THE DOOR WITH YOUR LIFE-PRESERVER?"

"NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE."

Materfamilias (just arrived at Shrimpville—the Children had been down a Month before). "WELL, JANE, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?"
Nurse. "IT WAS AT FUST, M'M. THERE WAS NOTHINK TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M, TILL THE NIGGERS COME DOWN!!"

TOTO CHEZ TATA.

"HOW YOU LAG BEHIND, CISSY!"

"WHICH TOE IS IT?"

"YES, MUMMY! MY POOR TOE IS SO BAD!"

"MY *ELDEST*, MUMMY!"

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Brown (Lieutenant Royal Superbs). "NOT TAKE MY *CHEQUE?* WHY, HANG IT! LOTS OF OUR FELLOWS HAVE STOPPED AT THIS HOTEL!"

Hotel Keeper. "YES, SIR, AND THEY'VE NONE OF THEM EVER PAID!"

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Little Tommy (who has never been out of Whitechapel before). "OH! OH! OH!"

Kind Lady. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOMMY?"

Little Tommy. "WHY, WHAT A BIG SKY THEY'VE GOT 'ERE, MISS!"

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

(Relieving Guard.)

Gamin. "I SAY, LOBSTER, RUN IN, AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE PLAY. *I'LL* HOLD YER GUN FOR YER!"

VERY CRITICAL.

Captain Phiniken, from Country Quarters. "I FEAR, SMYTHERS, MY HAIR HAS NOT BEEN DONE JUSTICE TO, LATELY."

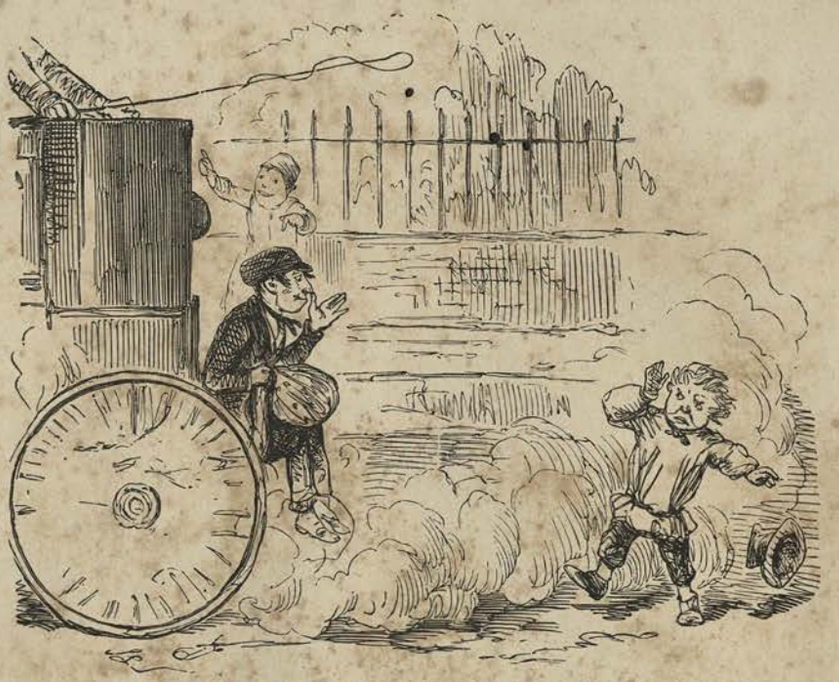
Smythers. "BEEN BIT HOFF, SIR; BIT HOFF, I SHOULD SAY!"

CANDOUR.

Dog Fancier. "GOING TO INDIA, SIR? OH, THEN I COULDN'T SELL HIM, SIR. NOT OUT O' ENGLAND, SIR. NO, SIR. WHY, I SHOULD NEVER SEE HIM AGIN, TEN TO ONE—AND HE'S A REGULAR HANNUITY TO ME!"

GROSS OUTRAGE.

"NOW, SIR, THINGS IS WERY FLAT, YOU SHALL HAVE THE TWO FOR 'ALF-A-CROWN. THERE!"



CUT HIM DOWN BEHIND!

CRUEL!

Young Swell (loq.). "I SAY, THOMPSON, DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER HAVE ANY WHISKERS?"
Thompson (after careful examination). "WELL, SIR, I REALLY DON'T THINK AS YOU EVER WILL—LEASTWAYS NOT TO SPEAK OF!"
Young Swell. "THAT'S RATHER HARD, FOR MY PAP—I MEAN GOVERNOR—HAS PLENTY!"
Thompson (facetiously). "YES, SIR,—BUT P'R'APS YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR *MA!*" [*Total collapse of Y. S.*

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART I.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON PREPARE FOR THE DERBY DAY.

BROWN PREFERS GOING ON HORSEBACK.

THEY HAVE A HAMPER FROM FORTNUM AND MASON'S.

UNEXPECTED SITUATION OF ROBINSON.

JONES'S GREAT DIFFICULTY IS TO PREVENT THE "THING" UPSETTING.

AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS.

BROWN LOSES FIVE POUNDS AT THIMBLE-RIG, "JUST TO TRY WHAT IT IS LIKE."

BROWN TRIES HIS HAND AT KNOCK-EM-DOWNS.

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART II.

ROBINSON *WILL* CROSS THE COURSE

HE IS CAUGHT AND BROUGHT BACK AMID THE JEERS OF THE POPULACE.

B., J., AND R. ARE INVITED INTO A BOOTH TO TAKE A TURN WITH THE "NOBBY ONE."

ON PAYMENT OF ONE SHILLING ROBINSON HEARS HIS FORTUNE.

BROWN SEES THE RACE CAPITALLY

"FOR THE FUN OF THE THING," THEY LOSE A FEW POUNDS AT ROUGE ET NOIR.

THEY SEE A FLIGHT OF PIGEONS, AND ARE SURPRISED THEREAT

PERPLEXITY OF BROWN WHEN ASKED WHICH "OF 'EM 'ERE OSSES IS 'IS."

"SOMETHING" MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO ROBINSON.

LAST APPEARANCE OF BROWN THE NIGHT AFTER THE DERBY.

IN DIFFICULTIES.

Park Keeper. "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGIN THE HACT O' PARLIAMENT A FISHIN'?"

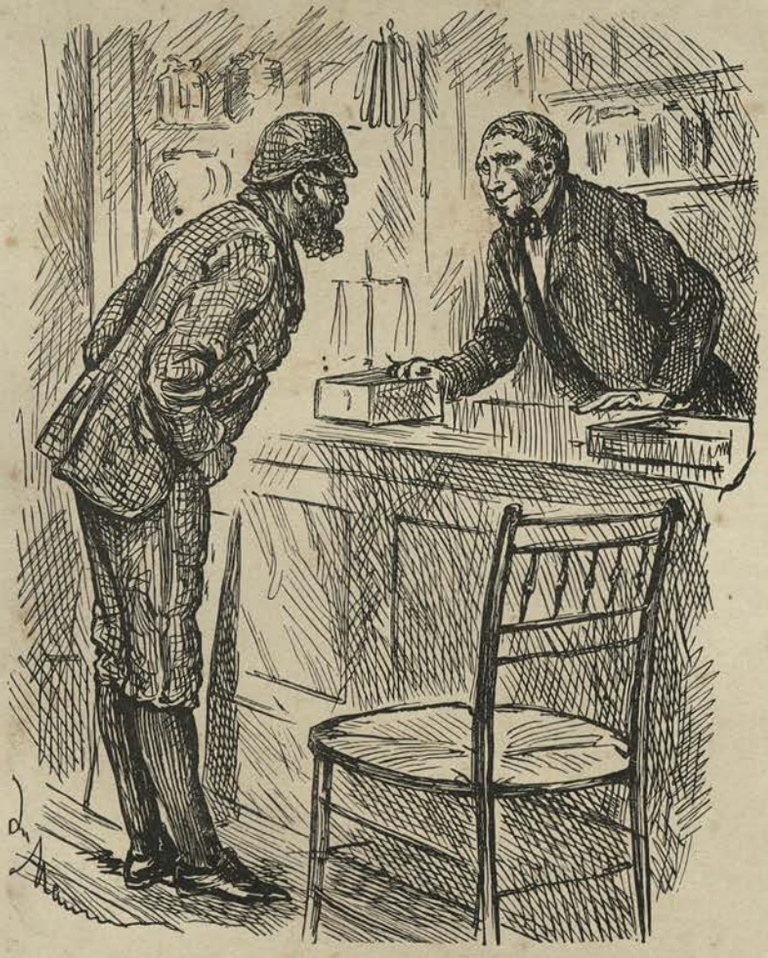
Prisoner. "PLEASE, S', AIN'T BEEN A FISHIN', S'."

Park Keeper. "BUT YOU'VE BEEN A HAIDIN' AND ABETTIN'."

Prisoner. "OH NO, S'; 'PO' M' WORD, S', AIN'T BEEN A BETTIN', S'; AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, S'!"

THE "IMPERENCE" OF THEM LOWER CLASSES.

First Bystander (British Workman) to Second Ditto (Gorgeous Flunkey). "WELL, BLOWED IF I WOULDN'T A'MOST AS SOON BE YOU, JOHNNY, AS ONE O' THEM FELLERS THIS 'OT WEATHER!!"



PROMISING!

Tourist. "HAVE YOU ANY DECENT CIGARS?"
Highland Grocer. "DECENT CIGARS? AY, HERE ARE DECENT CIGARS ENOUGH."
Tourist. "ARE THEY HAVANAHS OR MANILLAS?"
Highland Grocer. "THEY'RE JUST FROM KIRCALDY!"

SELF-DENIAL IN EXCELSIS.

Civilian. "ARE THERE MANY IRISH IN YOUR CORPS?"
Private O'Flanagan. "IS IT OIRISH YE MANE? SORRA THE ONE OV THIM WOULD BE ALLOWED IN THE RIJMINT!"

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Distinguished Amateur (with good Method but small Voice, suddenly jumping up from Piano). "LOOK HERE, ALGY. I DO CALL IT BEASTLY BAD FORM FOR YOU AND SIKES TO TALK WHEN I'M SINGING!"

Algy. "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN—AWFULLY SORRY—DIDN'T KNOW YOU *WERE* SINGING, YOU KNOW!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"*PLEASE* LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS. I *KNOW* IT'S HARD; BUT IT'S *ONLY* FOR A *MOMENT!*"

OUR VILLAGE INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION.

Husband (just home from the City). "MY ANGEL!—CRYING!—WHATEVER'S THE MATTER?"
Wife. "THEY'VE—AWARDED ME—PRIZE MEDAL"—*(sobbing)*—"F' MY SPONGE CAKE!"
Husband (soothingly). "AND I'M QUITE SURE IT DESERV——"
Wife (hysterically). "OH—BUT—'T SAID—'TWAS—FOR THE BEST SPECIMEN—O' CONCRETE!"

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Brilliant Elector (at the Polling Station). "IT'S A STOUTISH KOIND OF A MAN, WITH A BALD 'EAD, AS AR WISHES TO VOTE FOR, BUT AR'M BLESSED IF AR KNOW 'IS NAÄME!!"

"BENEFITS FORGOT!"

Old Gentleman (he had been chased across the Field by the infuriated Animal, and only just scrambled over the Gate in time—gasping for breath).

"YOU IN—FERNAL UN—GRA'FUL BEAST!—AN' ME—'BEEN VEG'TARIAN ALLM'LIFE!!"

"NO FEAR."

Fisherman. "TAKE CARE, DONALD—YOU'LL BE DROWNED!"

Donald. "TROONED!—IN A DUB LIKE THUS! IF I WAS, I'D BE ASHAMED TO SHOW MY FACE IN OBAN AGAIN!"

"GROUND GAME!"

First Sportsman. "THEY'RE FUST-RATE ROASTED!"

Second Ditto (getting hungry). "AH!—OH, I SAY, 'ARRY"—*(smacking his lips in anticipation)*—"THE CRACKLIN'!!"

GYMNASTICS.

Professor. "AND AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE, GENTLEMEN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS PUT YOUR RIGHT 'AND TO YOUR LIPS, AND DRAW IT AWAY SMILIN', AS IF YOU WAS PULLING A 'AIR OUT OF YER MOUTH! LIKE THIS 'ERE!"

[Shows them how.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

Driver (to Conductor). "MY HEYES, BILL! SEE THAT OLD GENT: WHAT A 'EAVENLY WATERBUTT HE'D MAKE, IF HIS 'ED WAS TOOK OFF, AND HE WAS 'OLLERED OUT!"

GROUND GAME, ETC.!!

Squire (rather perplexed). "HULLO, PAT! WHERE DID YOU GET THE HARE?"
Pat. "SHURE, SURR, THE CR'ATUR' WAS WAND'RIN' ABOUT, AN' I THOUGHT I'D TAKE'T TO THE 'WANES'!"
Squire. "BUT DID THE KEEPER SEE YOU?"
Pat. "BLISS YER HONOUR, I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR HIM IVER SINCE I CAUGHT IT!!"

A RUSTIC MORALIST.

Rector (going his Rounds). "AN UNCOMMONLY FINE PIG, MR. DIBBLES, I DECLARE!"

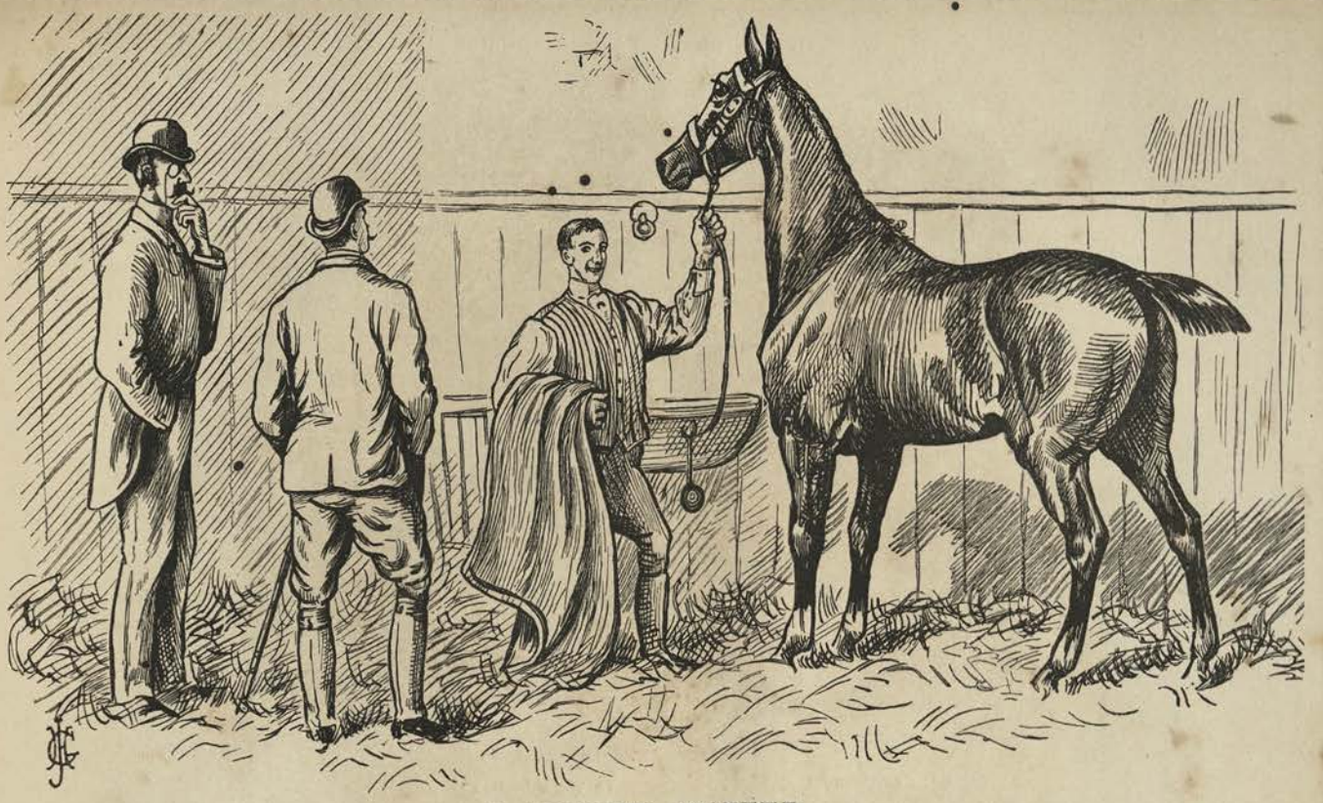
Contemplative Villager. "AH, YES, SIR, IF WE WAS ONLY, ALL OF US, AS FIT TO DIE AS HIM, SIR!!"

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

"RUS IN URBE."

Fair Equestrian (from the Provinces, her first turn in the Row). "GOOD GRACIOUS, SAM! YOU CAN'T RIDE OUT WITH ME LIKE THAT! WHERE ARE YOUR BOOTS AND THINGS?"

Country Groom. "LOR', MUM, I DIDN'T BRING 'EM UP. BUT IT DON'T MATTER. NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!"



A MIGHTY HUNTER.

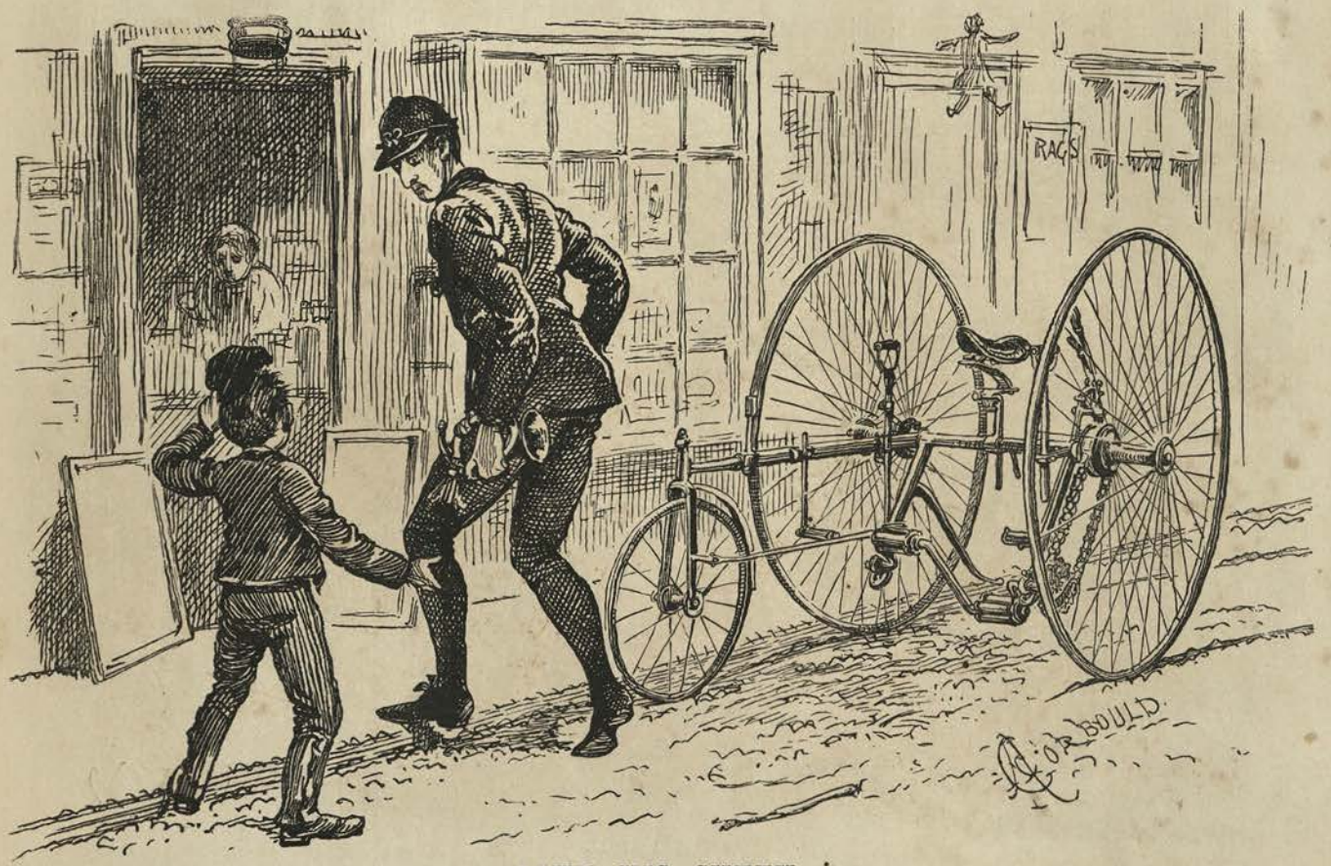
Captain Highway (showing his Stables to Friend). "NOW THERE'S A GOOD-LOOKING ONE—CARRIED ME FOUR SEASONS—GAVE TWO HUNDRED FOR HER!"

Friend. "CLEVER AT TIMBER?"

Captain Highway. "ER—I—I—DON'T KNOW!"

Friend. "GOOD AT WATER?"

Captain Highway. "WELL—I—I—CAN'T SAY!"



LIKE HIS CHEEK.

"'OLD YER 'OSS, SIR?"

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, CABMAN, HOW MUCH TO THE STRAND?"
Cabman. "SIX SHILLIN'!"
Old Gent. "THAT'S TOO MUCH."
Cabman. "WELL! WHAT YOU PLEASE! IT'S TOO HOT TO DISPUTE ABOUT TRIFLES!"

USED UP.

John. "NOW, THOMAS, AIN'T YOU READY? THE CARRIAGE IS WAITIN'!"
Thomas. "I AIN'T A GOING. IF *MISSIS* IS EQUAL TO CARRIAGE HEXERCISE IN THIS 'OT WEATHER, I AM NOT!"

SEA-SIDE SATURDAY EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS' BOAT."

THE COURSE OF TRUE, ETC., NEVER DID, ETC.

HERE'S POOR YOUNG WIGGLES ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BEING HE ADORES, BUT CANNOT DO SO, BECAUSE THE NEWLY-PITCHED BOAT UPON WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING, HAS CAUGHT HIM ALIVE O!

OVER-COMBED!

Our Barber. "WHAT YOU WANT, SIR,"—*(running his fingers through his Customer's few remaining Hairs)*—"IS A BOTTLE OF MY HAIR-RESTO——"

Customer (virulently). "WHAR I WANT, SIR, IS A DIVORCE!!"

[The Conversation taking this portentous turn, our Barber drops it!

"NEM. CON."

First Britisher, at Boulogne (shady-looking party, evidently resident—to Casual Acquaintance). "OH, I DON'T CARE TO GO BACK TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY. THEY ALL SEEMED TO BE AGAINST ME."

Second Britisher (respectable—Tourist). "GOO' GRACIOUS! WHAT, THE WHOLE TWELVE OF 'EM?!"

SUBURBAN JOYS.—HAYMAKING.

Chorus. "COME ALONG, UNCLE JACK, AND WE'LL BURY YOU!"

[Uncle Jack is stout, and no longer young. He has walked a mile and a half from the Station, in a black frock coat and under a broiling sun, along a dusty road, and the thermometer in the shade is more than we will trust ourselves to say.

OBVIOUS.

Buttons (fresh from the Country, evidently no French Scholar). "I SAY, MARY, THE GUV'NOR AND MISSUS ARE DINING OUT TO-NIGHT. BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME MAKE OUT WHAT A *R*, A *S*, A *V*, AND A *P* MEAN ON THIS 'ERE CARD!"

Smart Housemaid. "WHY, OF COURSE IT MEANS THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE *R*UMP *S*TEAK AND *V*EAL *P*IE!"

IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

Jones (Blue Ribbon—to abstemious Lady he has taken in to Dinner). "LOOK HERE, MADAM, WE DON'T SEEM TO BE GETTING ON A *BIT!* EITHER YOU MUST HAVE A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE, OR, BY JOVE, *I* MUST!!"

GUSHING HOSPITALITY.

(*Time*, 3 *p.m.*)

Hospitable Host. "HAVE C'GAR, OLD F'LLA?" *Languid Visitor.* "NO—THANKS!" *H. H.* "CIGARETTE, THEN?"

His Visitor. "NO—THANKS. NEVAR SMOKE 'MEJATELY AFTER BREAKFAST." *H. H.* "CAN'T REFUSE A TOOTHPICK, THEN, OLD F'LLA?"

VERY LIKE IT.

Tutor. "WHAT, WHAT, MUMBLES? HOW DO YOU TRANSLATE *SEMETIPSUM?*"
Master Mumbles (with some slight hesitation). "HALF TIPSY, SIR?"

"COUNSEL'S OPINION."

Judge (testily, to persistent Junior). "SIR, IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE AS A GENTLEMAN IN COURT, I CAN'T TEACH YOU!"
Junior (pointedly). "QUITE SO, MY LUD, QUITE SO!" [*Proceeds.*

AN AWFUL CRAMMER.

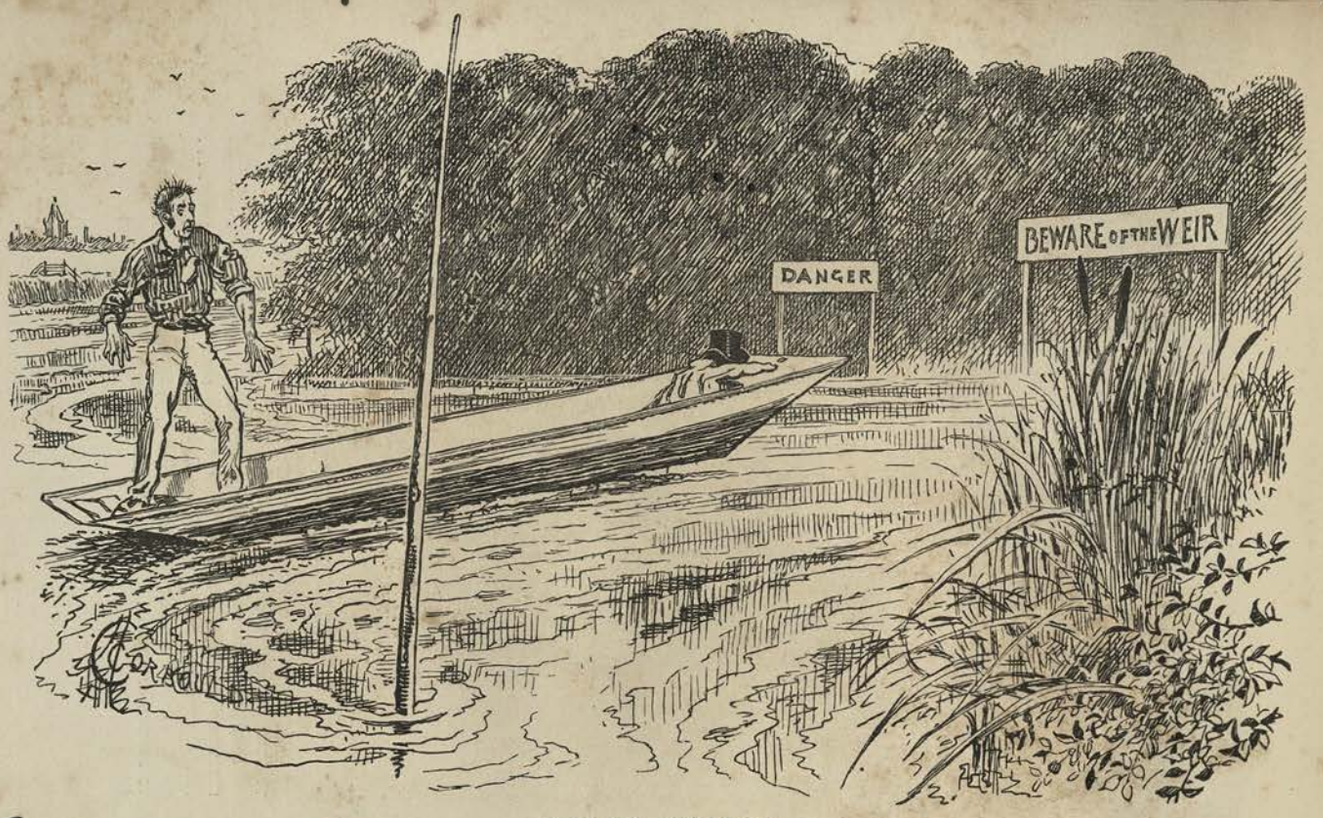
Proprietor of Boarding-house (taking stout Guest aside). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MR. SHARPSET, BUT YOUR APPETITE IS SO LARGE THAT I SHALL BE COMPELLED TO CHARGE YOU A SHILLING EXTRA. IT CAN'T BE DONE AT TWO SHILLINGS!"

Diner. "NO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T DO THAT! I CAN EAT TWO SHILLINGS'-WORTH EASY; BUT IF I HAVE TO DO THREE—I REALLY—'AFRAID I SHOULD—BUT I'LL TRY!!"

DELICATE HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

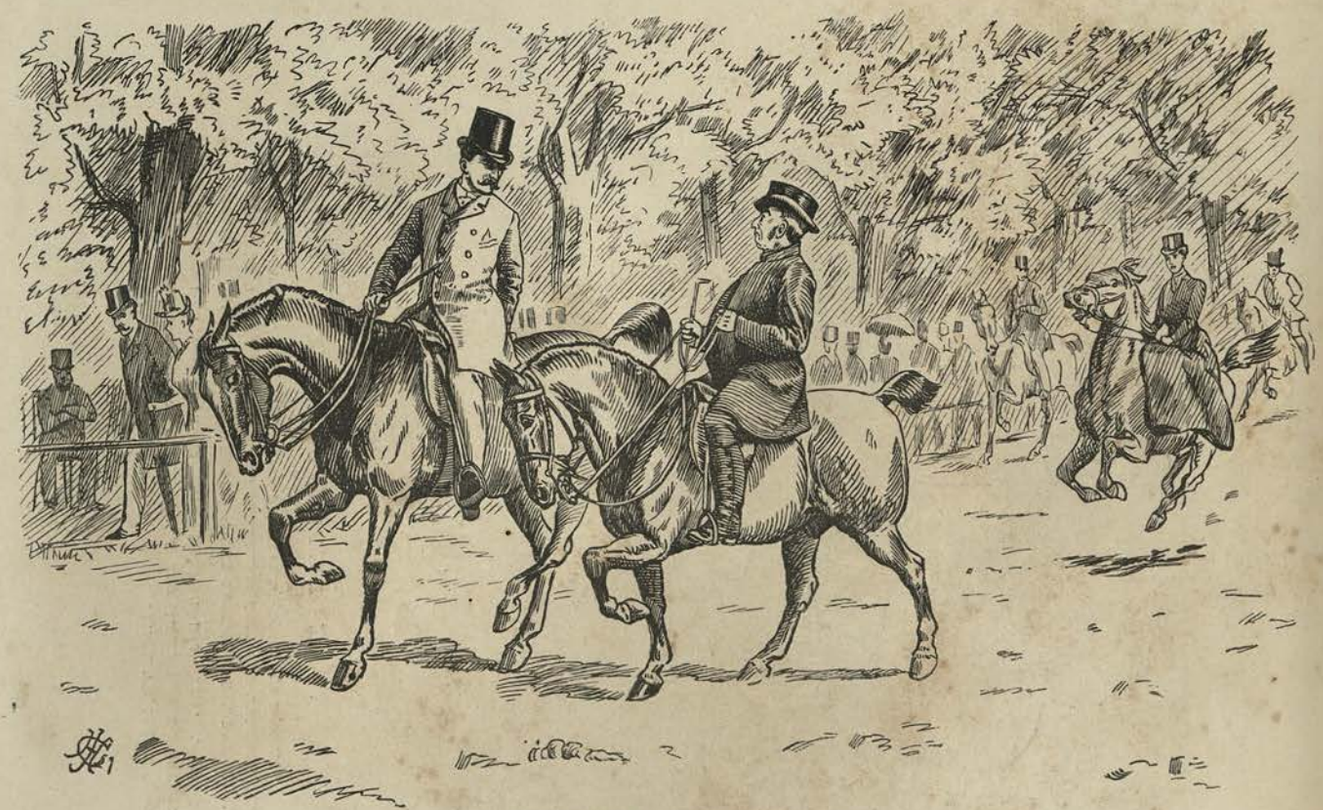
Jemimer. "COME, NOW, BETSY, WHAT'S YER LITTLE GAME? AIN'T'CHER COIN' TO STAND SOMETHIN' 'OT AFORE WE SAYS FAREWELL? . . . ."

Betsy. "NO, JEMIMER! . . . . I'VE STOOD PORTER, AN' I'VE STOOD RUM, AN' I'VE STOOD KIDNEY PIES AND WELKS, AND MILD HALE AN' GINGER BEER . . . . AN' I'VE STOOD GIN AND HORINGES, WITH HOYSTERS AND HICES TO FOLLER, NOT TO MENTION ALL MANNER OF SWEET STUFF . . . . AN' I'M BLOWED IF I'M A GOIN' TO STAND ANY MORE . . . . THAT'S MY LITTLE GAME!"



RIVER PUZZLE.

YOUR PUNT-POLE STICKS—YOU LOSE YOUR GRASP OF IT. WHAT *ARE* YOU TO DO?



A CERTAIN PREVENTIVE.

Bishop (who has been assisting at a recent Lambeth Conference). "I AM OPPOSED TO SPORT BECAUSE I THINK IT LEADS TO RACING AND GAMBLING. BY THE WAY, COULD YOU SUGGEST ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE LIKELY TO STOP THE CLERGY IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD HUNTING TO SUCH EXCESS?"

Hunting Man. "YES, MY LORD! GOOD HARD FROST!!"

HIS FIRST ACHE.

"OH, MAMMY! I'VE GOT SUCH A PAIN IN FRONT OF ME!"

A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.

Sir James. "AND WERE YOU IN ROME? *American Lady.* "I GUESS NOT." *(To her Daughter.)* "SAY, BELLA, DID WE VISIT ROME?"
Fair Daughter. "WHY, MA, CERT'NLY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? IT WAS IN ROME WE BOUGHT THE LISLE-THREAD STOCKINGS!"
[American Lady is convinced.

ADVANTAGES OF MARSUPIALISM.

"I'M SO TIRED, MUMMY. I WISH YOU WERE A KANGAROO!"
"WHY, DARLING?"
"TO CARRY ME HOME IN YOUR POCKET!"

"SED REVOCARE GRADUM."

Beauty (with cool candour). "OH YES, INDEED, I FREQUENTLY MAKE BETS; BUT I AM SO UNLUCKY!"
Sporting Youth (trying to be sympathetic). "REALLY? BUT I SUPPOSE YOU NEVER HAVE MUCH ON—THAT IS—I MEAN——"
[Collapse.

APPEARANCES.

Hairdresser. "TREMENDIOUS 'ED OF 'AIR, SIR! BETTER LET ME CUT THE 'OLE OF IT HORF!"

Eminent Violinist. "WHY?"

Hairdresser. "WELL, YOU'LL EXCUSE MY SAYIN' SO, BUT IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM *FIDDLER* CHAPS, YOU KNOW!"

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

Wife of the Late Member for Tooting. "ARCHIBALD, WHY WERE YOU SO GRUMPY AT THE BIGGE BOOTHBYS' TO-NIGHT?"

L. M. for T. "SUCH PEOPLE, SUCH A DINNER, FOR A MAN WHO HAS JUST LOST HIS SEAT!"

Wife. "I'M SURE PARLIAMENT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!"

L. M. for T. "AT LEAST IT SPARED ME THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENING SIX TIMES A WEEK!"

TRAVELLER'S LUGGAGE.

Elderly Passenger. "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN!"

Young do. "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING RODS—IT'S SKY ROCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY. HAVE A WEED?"

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.

Mild Civilian to Military Fellow Traveller. "KNOW THAT OFFICER JUST GOT OUT, SIR? SEEMS TO HAVE SEEN AN IMMENSITY OF SERVICE."

Military Fellow Traveller. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SHAW; B'LONGS TO THE OTHER BWANCH OF THE SAWVICE, PWABABLY."

[*N.B. M. F. T. belongs to the Mounted Branch.*

OYSTERS.

Itinerant Oyster Man. "NOW, THEN—HAVE ANOTHER DOZEN, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE MONEY!!"

Ins v Outs

A QUIET REBUKE.

Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling). "BUT WHY, MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU PUT THAT CLOTH OVER THE HORSE'S HEAD?"

Cab-Driver. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, THIN—I SHOULDN'T LIKE HIM TO SEE HOW LITTLE YE PAY FOR SUCH A HARD DAY'S WORRK!"

BAD GRAMMAR, BUT GOOD PLUCK.

"NOW, THEN, FATHER, JUST LET ME *KETCH* YER A 'ITTIN' O' MOTHER, THAT'S ALL!"
"I AIN'T A 'ITTIN' OF HER, DRAT YER!"
"NO; BUT YER WAS JUST AGOIN' TO! LET ME *KETCH* YER, THAT'S ALL!"

[*Seen and heard by ye Artist.*

TASTE.

Shop-girl (who has been expected to possess Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter"). "NO, MISS! WE'VE NOT GOT THE MILLER'S—BUT HERE'S THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER, JUST PUBLISHED!!"

A COMMON INTEREST.

Rector's Daughter (invited to Tenants' Ball at Big House). "I SAY, MISS TUCKER, WHEN *ARE* YOU COMING TO TRY ON OUR DRESSES? I SUPPOSE YOU ARE VERY BUSY?"

Miss Tucker. "YES, MISS, SO BUSY I HAVE NOT HAD TIME YET EVEN TO THINK OF MY OWN DRESS!"

A ROUGH CALCULATION.

Facetious Conductor. "WILL TWO OR THREE GEN'LEMEN GIT OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A LADY?"

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr. Brown. "PRAY, JANE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE REASON I AM KEPT WAITING FOR MY BREAKFAST IN THIS WAY?"

Jane. "PLEASE, SIR, THE ROLLS ISN'T COME, AND THERE'S NO BREAD IN THE HOUSE!"

Mr. Brown. "NOW, UPON MY WORD! HOW CAN YOU ANNOY ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? NO *BREAD*, THEN BRING ME SOME *TOAST*." [*Exit Jane in dismay.*

PRODIGIOUS!

School-mistress. "YOU SEE, MY LOVE—IF I PUNCTURE THIS INDIA-RUBBER BALL, IT WILL COLLAPSE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

Child. "O YES, I UNDERSTAND—IF YOU PRICK IT, IT WILL GO SQUASH."

TOO POPULAR BY HALF.

Boy (singing). "LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, OH LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, HIF I 'AD YOU BY MY SI-I-HIDE, 'OW 'APPY I SHOULD FEEL!"

THE HEIGHT OF BLISS.

Highland Shepherd. "FINE TOON, GLASCO', I PELIEVE, AND LOTS O' COOT MEAT THERE." *Tourist.* "OH, YES, LOTS."

Highland Shepherd. "AN' DRINK, TOO?" *Tourist.* "OH, YES."

Highland Shepherd (doubtingly). "YE'LL GET PORTER TAE YIR PARRICH?"

Tourist. "YES, IF WE LIKE."

Highland Shepherd. "CRA-CI-OUS!" [*Speechless with admiration.*

TANTALUS.

Old Party. "I SAY, MY LAD, COULD YOU EAT ONE OF THOSE KIDNEY-PIES, IF YOU WERE OFFERED ONE?"

Vulgar Boy. "EAT ONE OF THEM KIDNEY-PIES? WHY, I COULD SWOLLER THE 'OLE BLESSED LOT!"

Old Party. "COULD YOU, REALLY! NOW, *I* COULDN'T EAT ONE IF I WERE *PAID* FOR IT!" [*Exit Old Party.*

AN EXCELLENT EXCUSE.

THIS IS JACK SPARKLES, WHO USED TO BE SUCH A THOROUGH PRERAPHAELITE, AS WE CAME UPON HIM "AT WORK" THE OTHER DAY—AT LEAST HE CALLED IT SO. HE SAID HE HAD COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT "PAINTING 'VAS, AFTER ALL, MORE OR LESS A MATTER OF MEMORY, AND THAT HE WAS STUDYING SKIES!!"

LINGUA EAST ANGLIA.

First Angler (to Country Boy). "I SAY, MY LAD, JUST GO TO MY FRIEND ON THE BRIDGE THERE, AND SAY I SHOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED TO HIM IF HE'D SEND ME SOME BAIT."

Country Boy (to Second Angler, in the Eastern Counties language). "THA' THERE EO' SAHY HE WANT A WURRUM!!"

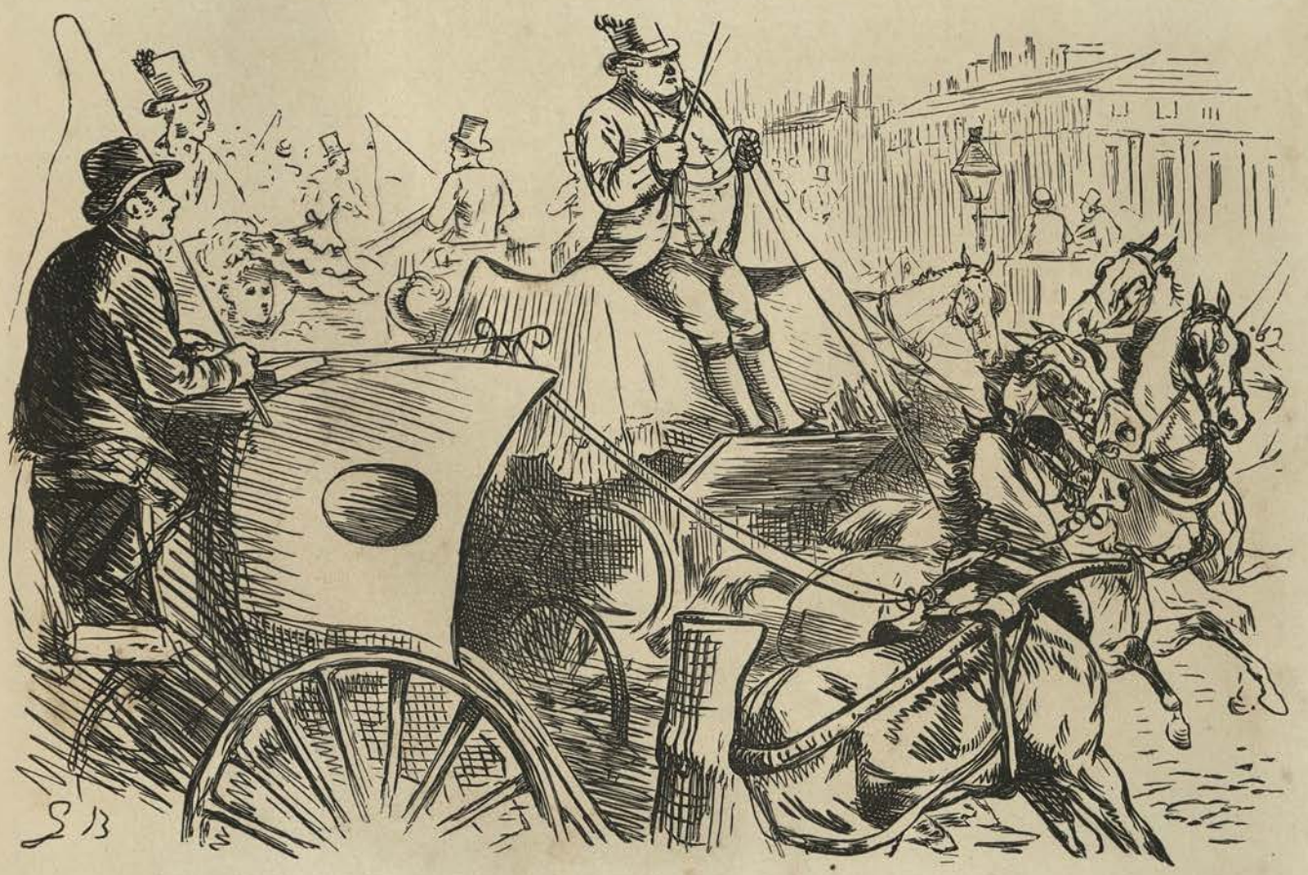
A DISCREET HINT.

Matilda (star-gazing). "HOW I WISH I COULD CATCH A FALLING STAR!"

Young Dobbs (whose Picture has been so successful at the Academy this Year). "THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MISS MATILDA. BUT—A—MIGHT I SUGGEST THAT YOU NEEDN'T GO FAR FOR A *RISING* ONE?"

"WHERE, AND OH WHERE!"

Stout Party (loq.). "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! WHERE CAN THAT STUPID DOG HAVE GOT TO?"



IRREVERENT.

Cabby. "NOW THEN, GOVE'NOR, WHEN YOU'VE DONE PLAYIN' WITH THEM ROCKIN' 'ORSES, PERHAPS YOU'LL GET ON?"

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Aunt. "CANDIDLY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, ETHEL?"
Ethel. "I MAY *THINK* SO, AUNTY, BUT I DON'T *FEEL* SO!"

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Hairdresser. "SOUTH MIDDLESEX OR KEVEENS, SIR? *(Customer looks bewildered.)*—WHY, SIR, MANY CORPSES, SIR, 'AS A REKIGNISED STYLE OF 'AIR, SIR, ACCORDIN' TO THE REG— *(Customer storms.)* NOT A WOLUNTEER, SIR?—JUS SO, SIR.—THOUGHT NOT, SIR; LEASTWAYS I WAS A WONDERIN' TO MYSELF D'RECTLY I SEE YOU, SIR, WHAT CORPSE YOU COULD A BELONGED TO, SIR!"

CRICKET—THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

"GOOD MATCH, OLD FELLOW?" "OH, YES; AWFULLY JOLLY!"

"WHAT DID YOU DO?"

"I 'AD A HOVER OF JACKSON; THE FIRST BALL 'IT ME ON THE 'AND, THE SECOND 'AD ME ON THE KNEE; THE THIRD WAS IN MY EYE; AND THE FOURTH BOWLED ME OUT!" [*Jolly Game.*

FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

"MASTER'S AWAY FROM HOME, SIR. WOULD YOU PLEASE TO LEAVE YOUR NAME?"

"FAIX, AN' WHAT SHOULD I BE LAVIN' ME NAME FORR, BEDAD! WHEN HE KNOWS ME QUITE WELL?"

CAUTION TO PEOPLE ABOUT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE SANDS AT THE SEASIDE.

A BANK HOLIDAY STUDY.

"NOW, GOVERNOR, SING OUT 'TALLYO!' AND 'E'LL THINK IT'S THE 'OUNDS."

CLUB SKETCHES.—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"WHY DOES BROOKS SNUB SNOOKS?"—"BECAUSE SNOOKS TOADIES BROOKS."

"WHY DOES SNOOKS TOADY BROOKS?"—"BECAUSE BROOKS SNUBS SNOOKS."

REFLECTED GLORY.

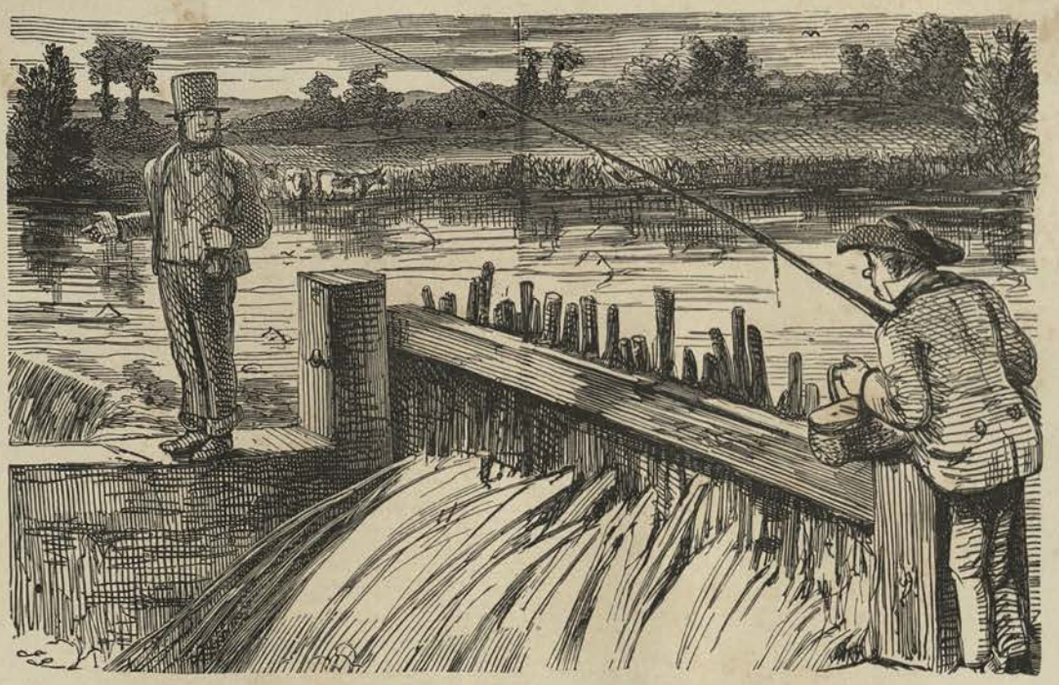
Shopman. "HERE! HI! ARE YOU HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BAYSWATER?"

Magnificent Flunkey. "I HAM!"

"PRO AND CON."

Prosaic Uncle. "LIKE TO BE A SMUGGLER! DON'T TALK NONSENSE, GEORGE!"

George. "WELL! I'D RATHER LIVE IN A NICE CAVE LIKE THIS ONE HERE, 'STEAD O' THOSE BEASTLY HOT LODGINGS!"



THAMES FISHING.

Fisherman (to Old Gentleman). "THEY'RE A' BITIN' AWAY OVER 'ERE, SIR! JUST STEP ACROSS THAT THERE BIT O' WOOD, SIR, AND YOU'LL HAVE A CAPITAL PITCH, SIR!"

Old Gentleman. "ACROSS THAT BIT OF WOOD! DOES THE MAN THINK I'M A ROPE-DANCER?"

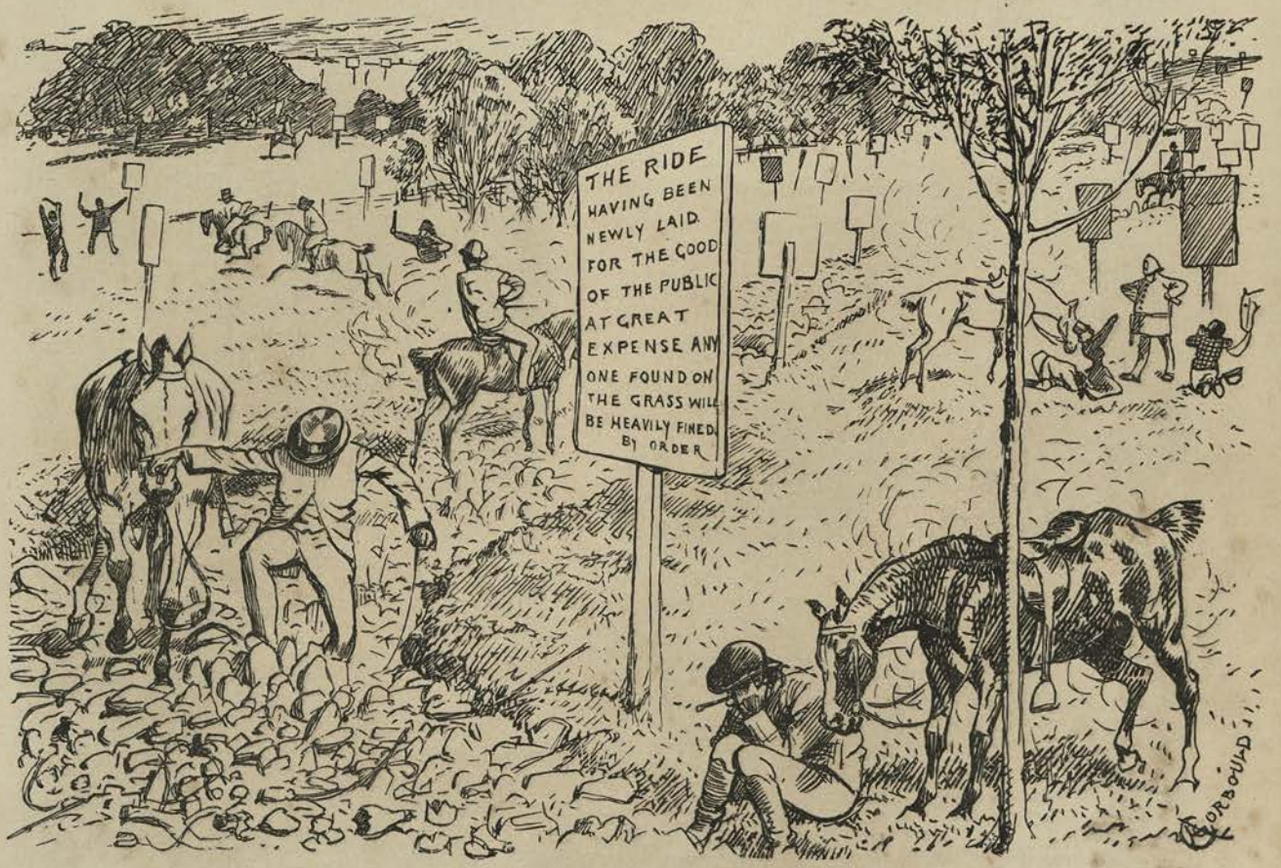
A LITTLE FAMILY BREEZE.

Mrs. T. "WHAT A WRETCH YOU MUST BE, T.; WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OFF? DON'T YOU SEE I'M OVERTOOK WITH THE TIDE, AND I SHALL BE DROWNDED!".

T. "WELL, THEN—WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO KICK UP SUCH A ROW WHEN I STOP OUT LATE OF A SATURDAY?"

"GROUSE DRIVING."

THIS IS WHAT SHE IMAGINED IT TO BE IN HER DREAM OF THE 12TH OF AUGUST.



SUBURBAN PUZZLE.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. WHERE TO FIND A PLEASANT RIDE.

SO MATTER-OF-FACT.

Jones (who prides himself on his French). "DÉSOLÉ, MON CHER, NOT TO BE ABLE TO ACCEPT YOUR HOSPITALITY, BUT TO-NIGHT I AM DINING *EN VILLE*."

Brown (who is so matter-of-fact, and never will understand Jones's French). "DINING 'ON VEAL,' ARE YOU? WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE; IF YOU COME TO *ME*, YOU'LL HAVE A LEG O' MUTTON!"

NEVER SATISFIED.

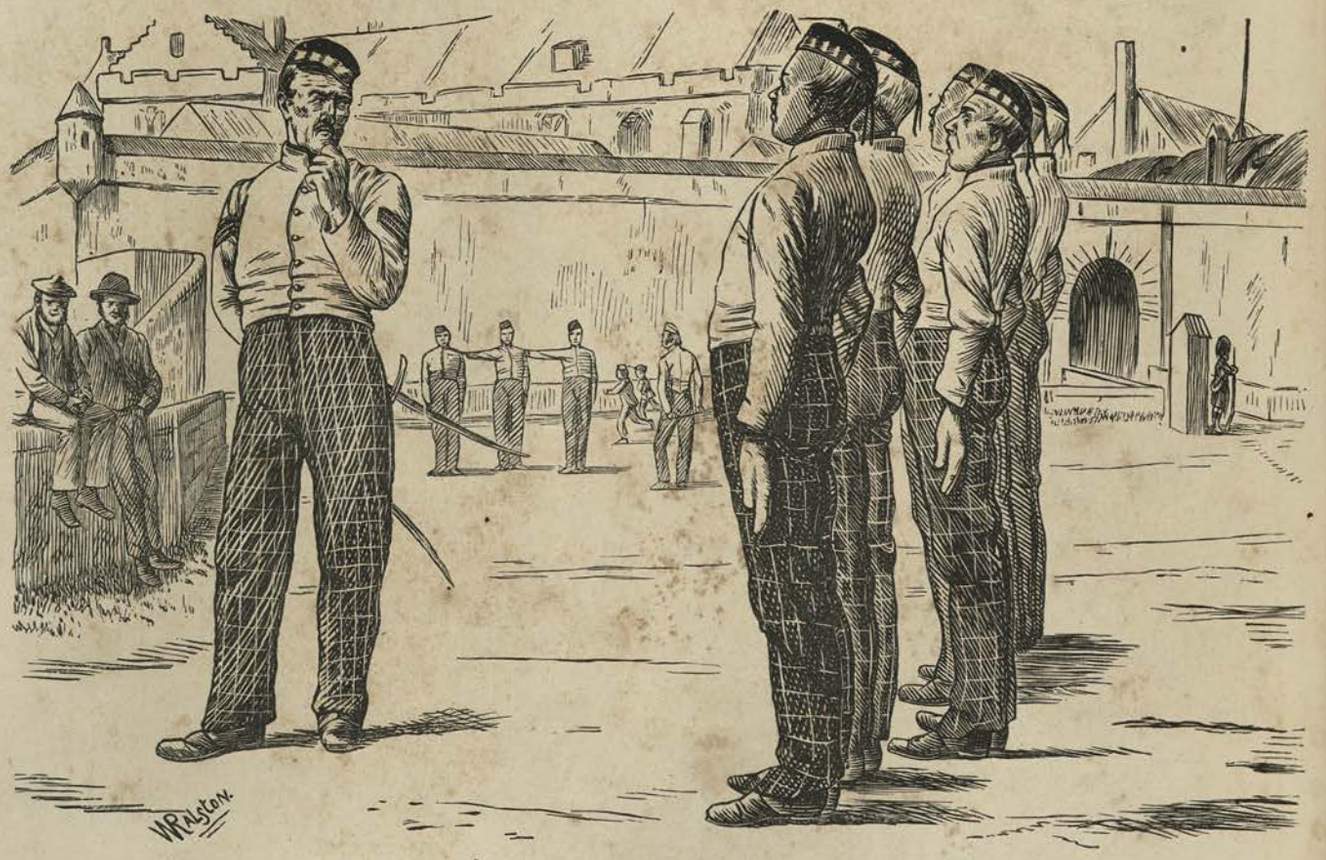
Grumpy Husband. "HOW BADLY INFORMED NEWSPAPERS ARE! WHY, HERE THEY SAY, 'SIR THOMAS GRIMSBY ENTERTAINED US AND A NUMBER OF OTHERS AT DINNER LAST NIGHT!' ENTERTAINED! WHY, I NEVER WAS SO BORED IN MY LIFE!"

A BYE-LAW.

Guard. "SMOKING NOT ALLOWED, GENTS."

Swell. "O! AH! WHAT'S THE FINE?"

Guard. "A SHILLING, READY MONEY, TO THE GUARD, SIR. FORTY SHILLINGS TO THE COMPANY, PAYABLE BY INSTALMENTS AND AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE."



AWARE OF THE CRISIS.

Sairgeant Mucklewham (more in sorrow than anger). "HALT! O MAN NUMMER THREE, I WUNNER TAE SEE YE! HOO CAN YE THINK FOREIGN POWERS CAN EVER RESPECT YE, IF YE WULL PERSIST IN STEPPIN' THREE INCHES LESS THAN THE REGELATION!"

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO.

NOT SUCH DISAGREEABLE WEATHER FOR THE HAYMAKERS AS SOME PEOPLE THINK.

RETROSPECTION.

Scene—Æsthetic Neighbourhood.

Converted Betting Man (plays First Concertina in Salvation Army Band). "POOTY 'OUSES THEY BUILDS IN THESE SUBU'BS, MR. SWAGGET."

Mr. S. (Reformed Burglar and Banner-Bearer in the same). "AH! AND HOW 'ANDY THEM LITTLE BAL-CO-NIES WOULD 'A' BEEN IN FORMER——"

[A warning flourish on the Concertina, and Mr. S. drops the subject.

"DE GUSTIBUS," ETC.

Darby. "BUT, MY DEAR, THERE ARE NO MICROBES IN TOBACCO."
Joan. "UM—SHOWS THEIR SENSE!" *[Subject dropped.*

ALTRUISM.

Affable Stranger. "AND ARE YOU THE *ONLY* ONE?" *Small Boy.* "OH, NO! THERE'S PAPA AND MAMMA, YOU KNOW!"

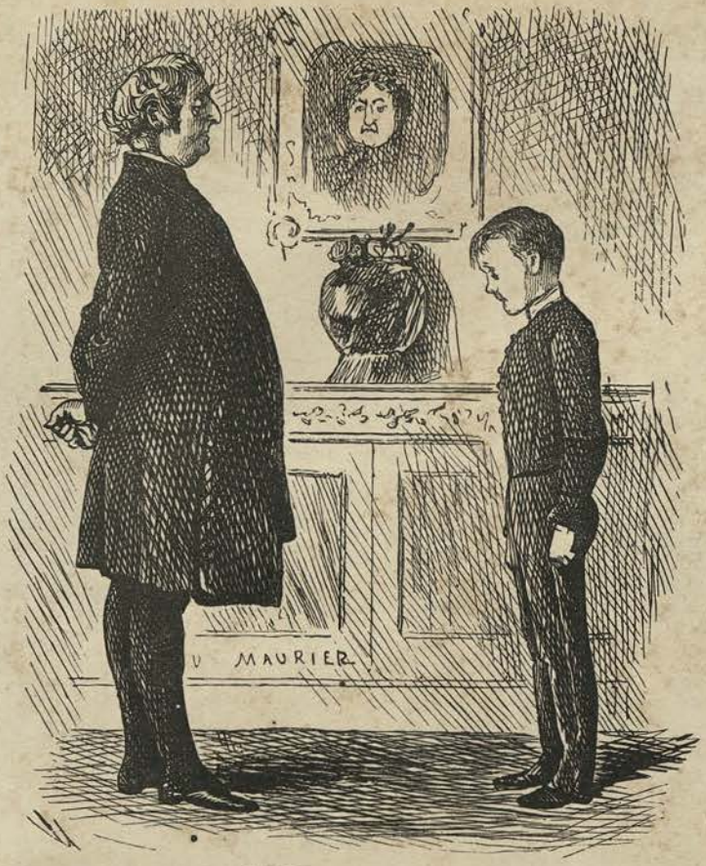
"THE GARB OF OLD GAUL."

Young Laird (to newly-appointed Footman). "WELL, DONALD, HOW DO YOU LIKE TROUSERS?"

Donald (heretofore a Gillie, who had never worn anything but Kilts). "AWEEL, SIR, I FIND 'EM VERA 'NCOMFORTABLE ABOOT THE SLEEVES!!"

PRACTICAL.

Fond Father. "I SEE YE'VE PUT MY SON INTIL GRAUMMER AN' JOGRAPHY. NOO, AS I NEITHER MEAN HIM TAE BE A MINISTER OR A SEA-CAPTAIN, IT'S O' NAE USE. GIE HIM A PLAIN BIZNESS EDDICATION."



NATURAL RELIGION.

Bishop (reproving delinquent Page). "WRETCHED BOY! *WHO* IS IT THAT SEES AND HEARS ALL WE DO, AND BEFORE WHOM *EVEN I* AM BUT AS A CRUSHED WORM?"

Page. "THE MISSUS, MY LORD!

A HINT.

Sir Pompey Bedell. "OH—ER—MR. GRIGSBY, I THINK! HOW D'YE DO?"

Grigsby. "I HOPE I SEE YOU WELL, SIR POMPEY. AND NEXT TIME YOU GIVE ME TWO FINGERS, I'M BLEST IF I DON'T PULL 'EM OFF!"

"THE CHURCH-GOING BELL."

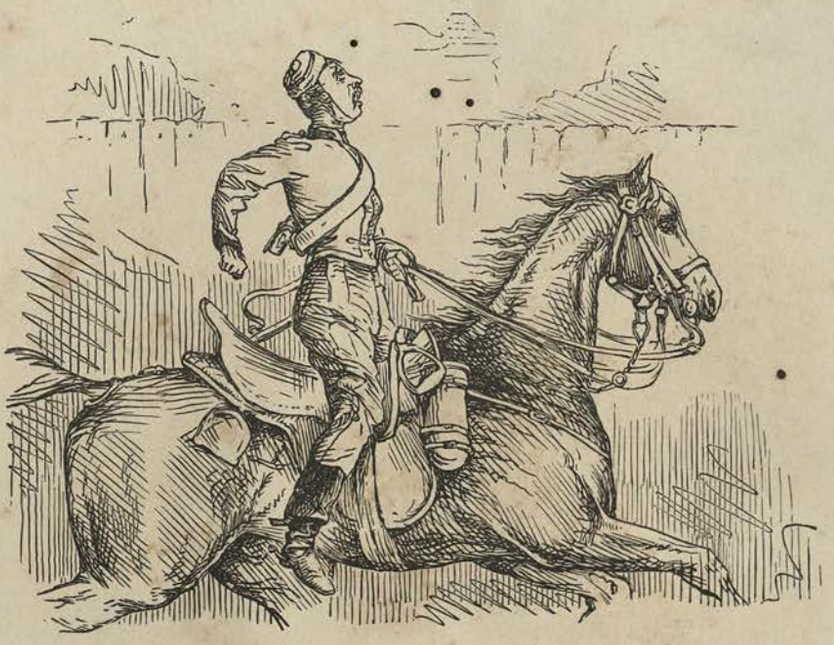
SUNDAY MORNING, COAST OF NORWAY.

CONFIDENCES OF A MATURE SIREN.

"I ADMIT I'M NOT AS HANDSOME AS I USED TO BE; BUT I'M TWICE AS DANGEROUS!"

LONGING FOR A NEW SENSATION.

Jack (a Naughty Boy, who is always in disgrace, and most deservedly). "I SAY, EFFIE, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE? I SHOULD LIKE TO BE ACCUSED OF SOMETHING I'D NEVER DONE!"



PLEASURES OF A MILITARY RIDING-SCHOOL.

"NOW THEN, SIR! SIT WELL BACK, AND LET HIM BUMP YOU, SIR."

A TIT-BIT.

Omnibus Driver (in the distance). "HOLLOA JOE, NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR DUCK, I'LL SEND YOU THE PEAS!"

THE UBIQUITOUS.

Alf. "'ULLO, 'ARRY! 'OW DID YOU COME DOWN?"

'Arry. "'OW? THIRD-CLASS TICKET—SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE—AN' FUS'-CLASS CO'P'NY! YAH-HA-HA!!"

JUST IN TIME.

Veteran Piscator. "HECH! BUT YON'S A MUCKLE FESH LOUPIN' AHINT ME!"— *(It was lucky he looked round!—his friend from London had preferred Sketching on the Banks, had stumbled over a Boulder, and "Gone a Header" into a deep hole. He was gaffed at his last kick!)*

THE SHOOTING OF THE LAST GROUSE.

AN ALARMIST'S VISION

ONE FOR HIM.

Sporting Uncle. "WHEN YOU GALLOP YOUR PONY LIKE THAT, CHARLIE, YOU SHOULD TAKE HIM ON THE TURF."
Charlie. "BUT, UNCLE BOB,—I HEARD PAPA SAY HE HOPES I'LL NEVER GO ON THE TURF,—LIKE *YOU*."

A "SCENE" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Ill-used Husband (under the Bed). "AYE! YE MAY CRACK ME, AND YE MAY THRASH ME, BUT YE CANNA BREAK MY MANLY SPERRIT. I'LL NA COME OOT!!"

REPRISALS!

Tradesman (to Old Gentleman, who has purchased Lawn-Mower). "YES, SIR, I'LL OIL IT, AND SEND IT OVER IMM——"

Customer (imperatively). "NO, NO, NO!—IT MUSTN'T BE OILED! I WON'T HAVE IT OILED! MIND THAT! I WANT NOISE! AND, LOOK HERE—PICK ME OUT A NICE RUSTY ONE. MY NEIGHBOUR'S CHILDREN HOOT AND YELL TILL TEN O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT, SO"—*(viciously)*—"I MEAN TO CUT MY GRASS FROM FOUR TILL SIX EVERY MORNING!!"

FILIAL FRANKNESS.

Patronising Neighbour. "GIVE THIS NOTE TO YOUR MAMMA, CECIL, AND SAY WE SHALL BE QUITE A SMALL PARTY—ONLY OURSELVES AND THE RECTOR."

Cecil. "OH, THEN, I'M SURE SHE WON'T COME!"

A NORFOLK DUMPLING.

Young Hodge (in expectation of a Copper). "OI'LL OPEN THE GATE."
Lady. "YOU ARE A VERY CIVIL LAD. YOU DON'T COME FROM THESE PARTS?"
Young Hodge. "YOW'RE A LIAR. I DEW!"

THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

Fond Parient. "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP —GEOGRAPHY NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I'LL BE BOUND!"

[*No. It's the Cookery Book.*

A GRIEVANCE.

Testy Old Gent. (to Butler). "CLARET! YES! YES! PUT IT DOWN; AND PRAY, SIMPSON DON'T BLOW UPON MY HEAD SO!"

MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

Irishman (to English Sportsman). "IS IT THROUTS? BE JABERS, THE WATTHER'S STIFF WID 'EM!!!"

[*"Regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," as our Friend recorded in his Diary after a blank day.*

MENACE.

Little Angler (to her refractory Bait). "KEEP STILL, YOU TIRESOME LITTLE THING! IF YOU DON'T LEAVE OFF SKRIGGLING, I'LL THROW YOU AWAY, AND TAKE ANOTHER!"

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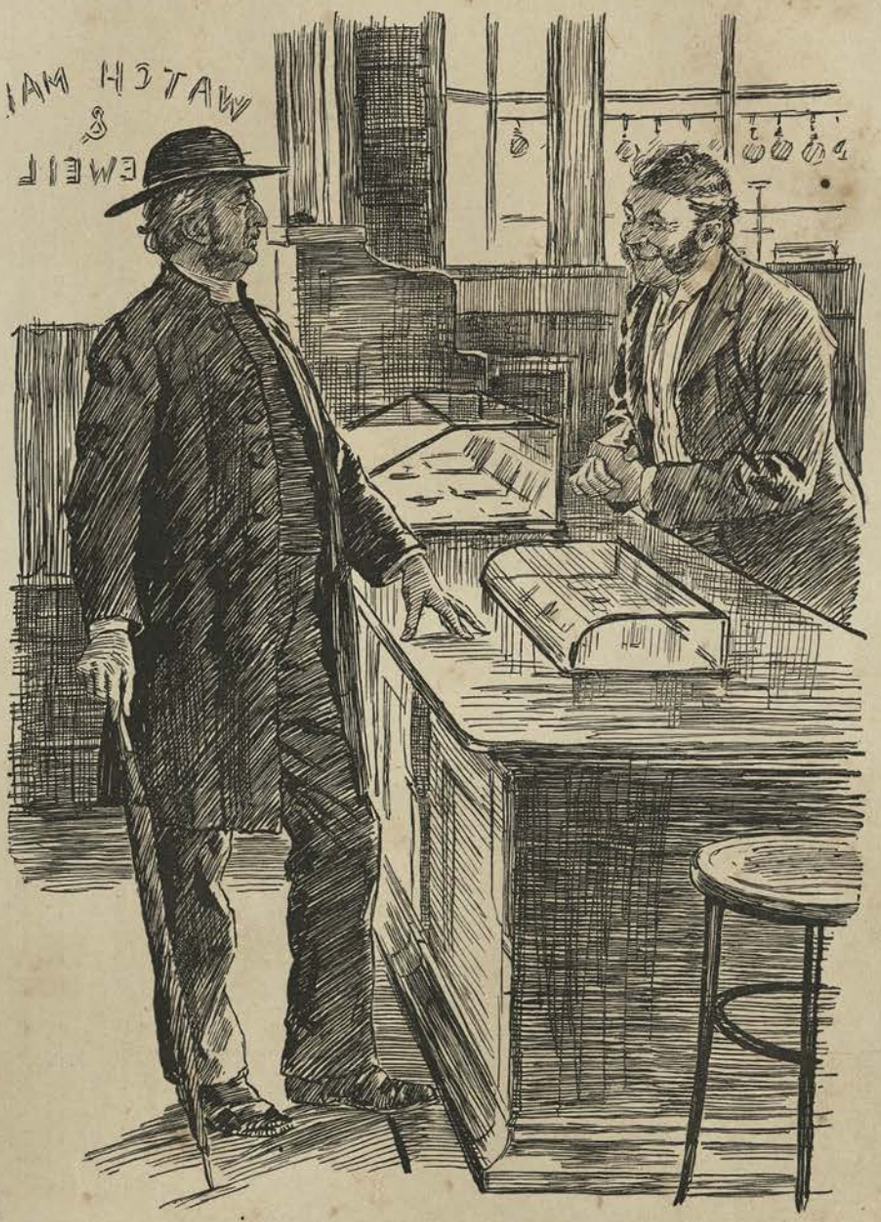


TROP DE ZÈLE.

Clerical Customer. "I WANT TO BUY A NICE DIAMOND BROOCH FOR MY BETTER HALF."

Over-anxious Shopkeeper. "CERTAINLY, SIR. WE HAVE JUST THE VERY THING. WE CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU ALSO FOR YOUR OTHER HALF, IF YOU WISH." [*They did not trade.*

FROM THE PARTICULAR TO THE GENERAL.

"I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE—WHAT TREMENDOUS HIGH CHAIRS YOU'VE GOT—ONE'S FEET POSITIVELY DANGLE!"

AWKWARD REVELATIONS.

Effie. "GEORGIE AND I HAVE BEEN DOWN-STAIRS IN THE DINING-ROOM, MR. MITCHAM. WE'VE BEEN PLAYING HUSBAND AND WIFE!"

Mr. Mitcham. "HOW DID YOU DO THAT, MY DEAR?"

Effie. "WHY, GEORGY SAT AT ONE END OF THE TABLE, AND I SAT AT THE OTHER; AND GEORGY SAID, 'THIS FOOD ISN'T FIT TO EAT!' AND I SAID, 'IT'S ALL YOU'LL GET!' AND GEORGY SAID 'DAM!' AND I GOT UP AND LEFT THE ROOM!"

SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

Jolly Angler. "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL?"

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION.

Brown (excited). "HI, JONES!—NET! NET! NET!—MAKE HASTE, OR I SHALL LOSE HIM!"
Jones (who is rather giddy and nervous). "EH!—AH!—RIGHT!—TO BE SURE!—YES!—I—I—I—I'M COMING—AS FAST—AS—OH! DEAR—AS POSSIBLE!"

MAZEPPA.—PART THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—THE HALL OF THE CASTLE. MAZEPPA AND OLINSKA ARE SURPRISED IN A TÊTE-À-TÊTE BY THE JEALOUS COUNT AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

SCENE II – COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE. AFTER SOME SLIGHT RESTIVENESS ON THE PART OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, MAZEPPA IS BOUND UPON IT, AND AWAY THEY GO.

SCENE III.—A DARK AND DREARY FOREST. TIME: SUNSET. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE PURSUED BY WOLVES AND BIRDS OF PREY.

MAZEPPA.—PART THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—A WIDE PLAIN. SOUND OF HOOFS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE. MAZEPPA AND THE WILD HORSE HAVING JUST PASSED BY.

SCENE II.—A DREARY WASTE. IN THE FOREGROUND LIES THE DEAD BODY OF THE WILD HORSE OF THE UKRAINE, WITH MAZEPPA SITTING UPON IT. AROUND THEM HOVER THE RAVENS.

SCENE III.—GRAND TABLEAU. ENTRANCE OF A BAND OF COSSACKS, WHO ARE SO FASCINATED BY THE HANDSOME FORM AND ANIMATED APPEARANCE OF MAZEPPA, THAT THEY OFFER HIM THE CROWN OF THE COSSACKS, AND MAKE HIM THEIR HETMAN.

DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CRICKET, AMIDST DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"OH! OH!"—"THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &c., &c.

TEMPTING!

Ancient Mariner (to Browne, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it). "NICE ROW OR SAIL THIS EVENING, SIR?"

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

Mechanic. "HULLO, JEM! NOT AT WORK! WHAT'S UP?"
Collier. "OH, WE'RE OUT ON STRIKE." *Mechanic.* "WHAT FOR, THEN?"
Collier. "AW DIVEN' KNAW, BUT WE'LL NOT GIVE IN TILL WE GET IT!"

A COLLISION.

Baker (with indignation). "NOW, THEN! WHO ARE YOU A-SHOVIN' OF? SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY BASKET!"
Sweep (with scorn). "YOUR BASKET!—LOOK AT MY BAG!"

VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Sargeant. "CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, CAPTAIN?"

Captain. "WHY, THANKY, SERGEANT. IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GIVING MY OTHER LEG A HITCH OVER!"

FROM THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

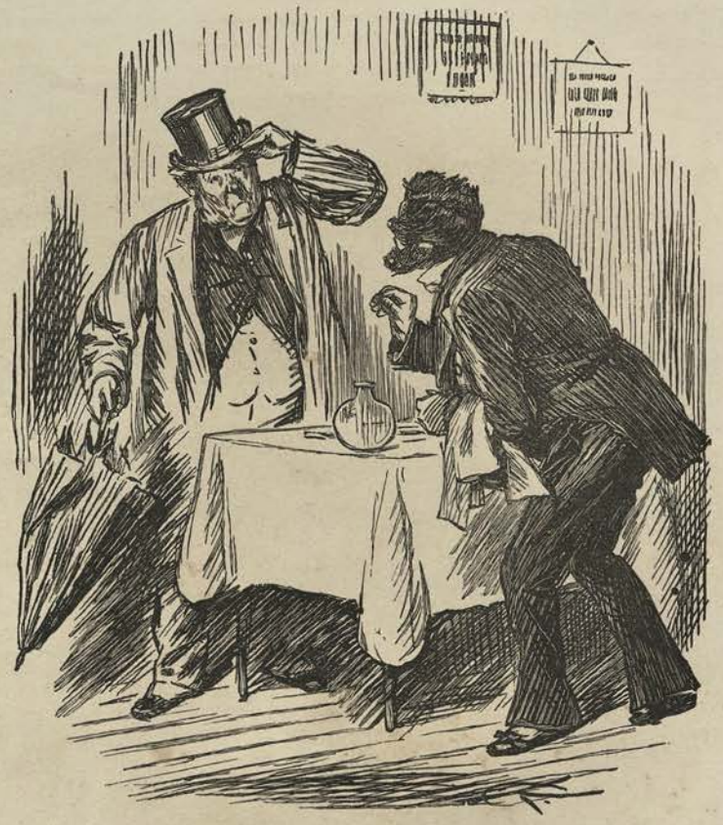
General *(to Colonel of Cavalry—slightly inclining to embonpoint).* "NOW, SIR! UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE NOT CAVALRY AT ALL. YOU ARE A SKELETON ENEMY!"

[*Stout Colonel does not feel the right man in the right place.*

"OVERDOING IT."

Minister (to one of his flock). "I'M SHOCKED, JAMES, TO SEE YOU'VE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE AND HAVE BEEN INDULGING AGAIN." *(James hangs his head.)* "YOU REALLY SHOULD GIVE IT UP. IT DOES YOU GREAT HARM—MAKES YOU UNFIT FOR WORK—SPOILS YOUR APPEARANCE—YE CANNA TAK' YER BREAKFAST—YE'VE A BAD TASTE I' YER MOOTH—'GIVES YE A SPLETT.N' HEADACHE—"

James. "A-YE, MENESTER! BUT YE HAE SUFFERED YERSEL'!"

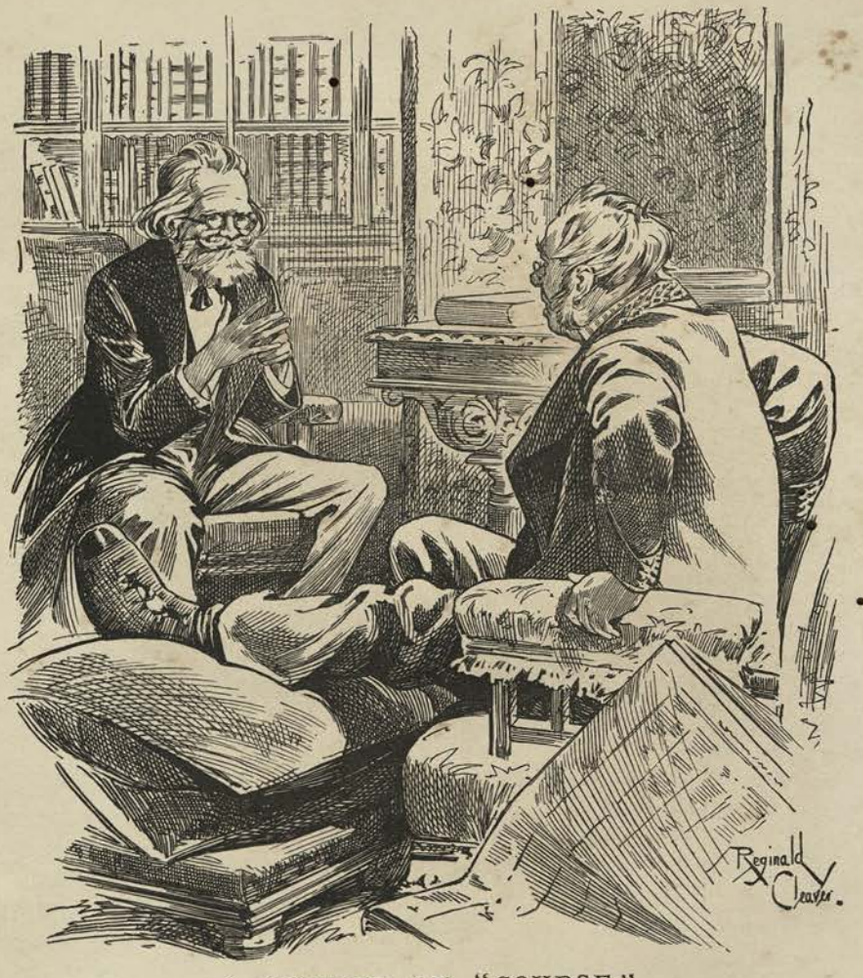


DISTRIBUTION.

Robert (to stingy Old Gent, who had given him a Halfpenny). "YOU'LL 'XCUSE ME, SIR—BUT—WOULD YOU MIND—AH—MAKIN' IT A PENNY, SIR—WHICH WE HAS TO DIVIDE IT—'MONGST THE OTHER WAITERS, SIR!"

HOSPITALITY.

"BY THE BYE, MR. JONES, THEY'VE ELECTED YE AT THE DINATHERIUM, I'M HAPPY TO OBSAIRVE. WILL YE DO ME THE PLEASURE OF DINING WITH ME THERE NEXT THURSDAY?—THAT IS, *ALONGSIDE* OF ME, YE KNOW!"



A MATTER OF "COURSE."

Eminent German Specialist. "VAT VATERS 'AVE YOU BEEN IN ZE 'ABIT OF TAKING?

English Gouty Patient. "WATER! HAVEN'T TOUCHED A DROP, EXCEPT WITH MY TEA, FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!"

[Upon which a mild course of Homburg, Kissengen, Marienbad, and Karlsbad is at once prescribed.

TROPICAL.

Maid (to Irish Milkman). "MISSIS CAYS SHE'S SURE THERE'S BEEN A GREAT DEAL O' WATER IN THE MILK LATELY, AND THAT IF——"

Pat. "AN' CAN YE WANDER AT IT, MY DEAR? SMALL BLAME TO THE COWS THIS THUR-RSTY WEATHER, POOR CRATURS!"

THE PET YOUNG BACHELOR PARSON.

Scene—A Suburban Evening Party. Time—10·30 P.M.

Hostess (to little rustic Maid, who has opened the drawing-room door, and is staring vacantly round). "WHAT IS IT, SARAH?"

Sarah. "OH, NOTHING, MA'AM, IT'S ONLY MISS WALKER'S MAID, AND MISS RICHARDSON'S PAGE, AND THE FOOTMAN FOR MISS TOMPKINS, AND THE CARRIAGE FOR THE MISS CLARKSONS. BUT THEY WAS NONE OF THEM TO WAIT, AS THE REV. MR. SAINTLEY'S HERE!"

SKIRMISHING IN PERSPECTIVE.

"A GOOD SKIRMISHER, IF THERE IS NO COVER, SHOULD HIDE BEHIND HIS BOOTS!"

OUR MANŒUVRES.

Captain of Skirmishers (rushing in to seize Picket Sentries of the Enemy). "HULLO! HE-AR! YOU SURRENDER TO THIS COMPANY!"

Opposition Lance-Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER WAY, SIR WE'RE A BRIGADE, SIR!!!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Country Magistrate. "PRISONER, YOU'RE DISCHARGED THIS TIME WITH A CAUTION; BUT IF WE SEE YOU HERE AGAIN, YOU'LL GET TWICE AS MUCH!!"

NOT TO BE MADE A FOOL OF.

Farmer. "NOO, IF IT'S A FAIR QUESTION, HOO MUCH WULL YE GET FOR THAE KYE WHEN YE'VE FEENISHED THEM?"
Artist. "O, PERHAPS SIXTY GUINEAS, OR SO."
Farmer. "WHA-A-T! DINNA TELL ME, MAN; A'L NO GET THAT FOR THEM LEEVIN'."

REAL ENJOYMENT.

Charley (who is wet through for the ninth time). "OH, MA! WE'VE BEEN *SO* JOLLY! WE'VE BEEN FILLING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR WITH SAND AND MAKING BOATS OF OUR BOOTS, AND HAVING SUCH FUN!"

THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

Bathing Woman. "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO! NOT HE!—HE'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"

"OTIUM CUM DIG."

THE ONLY MAN OF RANK IN TOWN, "AND HE DON'T SEE WHY HE SHOULDN'T JINE THE MISSUS AT MARGATE, FOR ANY BUSINESS THERE'S A DOIN'."

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Paterfamilias (who is just beginning to feel himself at home in his delightfully new suburban residence) interrupts the wife of his bosom. "'SEASIDE!' 'CHANGE OF AIR!!' 'OUT OF TOWN!!!' WHAT NONSENSE, ANNA MARIA! WHY, GOOD GRACICUS ME! WHAT ON EARTH CAN YOU WANT TO BE GOING *'OUT OF TOWN'* FOR, WHEN YOU'VE GOT SUCH A GARDEN AS *THIS!*"

A FAIR OFFER.

Athletic Barman. "NOW, IF YOU DON'T TAKE YOURSELF OFF, I'LL PRECIOUS SOON TURN YOU OUT!"

Pat (with a yell). "TUR-R-RN ME OUT! IS IT TUR-R-RN ME OUT! THIN, BEDAD! COME OUTSIDE, AN' TUR-R-RN ME OUT!!"

"LET THE TOAST GO ROUND."

Good Templar. "VERY WARM, COACHMAN. HAVE A DROP?"

Coachman. "THANK YE, SIR. *(Drinks.)* AUCH! O, MURDER! 'AM POISONED —WHAT'S THAT?"

Good Templar. "ONLY TOAST-AND-WATER!"

DRACONIAN.

Scene—Police Court, North Highlands.

Accused. "PUT, PAILIE, IT'S NA PROVIT!"

Bailie. "HOOT TOOTS, TONAL, AND HEAR ME SPEAK! AW'LL ONLY FINE YE HA'F-A-CROON THE DAY, BECAUSE ET'S NO VARRA WELL PROVIT. BUT IF EVER YE COME BEFORE ME AGAIN, YE'LL NO GET AFF UNDER FIVE SHILLIN'S, WHETHER ET'S PROVIT OR NO!!"

(LOCH) FYNE GRAMMAR.

(A Sad Fact for the School Board.)

Tugal. "DUD YE'LL EVER SEE THE *I-OO-NA* ANY MORE BEFORE?"

Tonal. "SURELY I WAS."

Tugal. "AY, AY! MAYBE YOU WAS NEVER ON POARD TOO, AFTER THUS——"

Tonal. "I DUD."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"MY LITTLE BOY, SIR, DIED WHEN HE WAS ONLY TWO MONTHS OLD, JUST AFTER HE HAD BEEN VACCINATED." "HOW VERY SAD! HAD HE BEEN BAPTISED?"

"YES, SIR; BUT IT WAS THE *VACCINATION* AS CARRIED HIM OFF, SIR!"

COMFORTING!

Mossoo—cheerfully (he has just blown a hole through the Squire's hat). "AHA, MON AMI! VOILA COMMENT DES ACCIDENTS ARRIVENT!"

A MERE PREJUDICE.

Tourist. "I SEE YOU EMPLOY A GOOD MANY WOMEN ABOUT HERE, FARMER."

Farmer. "HAVE TO DO, HARVEST-TIME, SIR; BUT FOR MYSELF I MUCH PREFER MANUAL LABOUR!"

A REAL CONVERT.

Local Preacher (giving an account to the Vicar of the Parish of a dispute he has had with the Leading Lights of his Sect). "YES, SIR, AFTER TREATMENT THE LIKES O' THAT, I SAYS TO 'EM, 'FOR THE FUTURE,' SAYS I, 'I CHUCKS UP ALL RELIGION, AND I GOES TO CHURCH!''

TENDER PASSAGES.

He (tenderly). "YES: WHEN IT'S DONE AGAIN, YOU MUST REALLY SEE THE BLONDIN DONKEY!"

She (sincerely). "I WILL. I'LL LOOK OUT FOR IT, AND WHEN I DO SEE IT, I WILL THINK OF *YOU!*"

MONSIEUR, MADAME, ET BÉBÉ.

A GENTLE HINT.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, MISS! BUT IF YOU WAS TO 'IT THE SADDLE A LITTLE LESS 'ARD, IT 'UD BE BETTER FOR BOTH YOU AND THE 'OSS!"

VESTMENTS!

(Our New Incumbent was disposed to be "High.")

Younger Countryman. "I ZAY, CEARGE, WHAT WUR THAT PARSON HAD ACROST HIS SHCUDDERS 'SUNDAY? 'LOOKED LIKE SOME O' HIS WIFE'S THINGS."

Elder Countryman. "CA-ANT ZAY 'M ZHEWER. I HEERED UN ZAY A WUR 'STOLE.'"

Younger Countryman. "STOLE! NA, NA; I WOULDN' THINK THAT O' 'PARSON! MORE LIKE SOME O' THESE 'ERE NEW 'ARVEST DICK'RATIONS!!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

MR BRIGGS IS OFF TO THE MOORS.

9 A.M. HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOOR. MR. BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINE BRACING AIR MAKES HIM SO VIGOROUS THAT HE SHALL NEVER BE BEAT. HE ALSO FACETIOUSLY REMARKS THAT HE IS ON "HIS NATIVE HEATH," AND THAT HIS "NAME IS MACGREGOR!"

11 A.M. MR. BRIGGS BEGINS TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. HE FINDS HIS "NATIVE HEATH" A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HIS "NATIVE FLAGSTONES."

12 A.M. TOTAL PROSTRATION OF MR. BRIGGS.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"WELL, IF THEM TWO'D PROMISE TO COME REGLAR HEVERY MORNIN', I'D TAKE A HEXTRER ARF HOUR IN BED, WHILE THEY SWEP' MY CROSSIN'."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Nurse. "OH! MISS NELLY! WHATEVER *ARE* YOU ABOUT?"

Miss Nelly. "I'M ONLY DIPPING DOLLY, LIKE THE BATHING WOMAN DIPS ME!"

REVENGE!

North Country Labourer (who has been engaged to dig). "'THEY THAT EAT ALANE MAY HOWK ALANE!' THESE ARCHI'LOGICAL CHAPS NEVER SO MUCH AS ASKED ME IF AH'D TAK' ANYTHING, AND WHILE THEY'RE HAVIN' THEIR DENNERS AH'VE FOUND THE 'BURYIN'"—*(Pockets Urn and several Flint Arrow-heads)*—"AND THEY MAY WHUSTLE FOR'T!!"

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Chatty Old Gent "HAVE YOU LONG HOURS HE-AR, PORTAR?"

Railway Porter (whose Temper has been spoilt). "SAME AS ANYWHERES ELSE, I S'POSE—SIXTY MINUTES!"— *(Bell rings, Railway Porter touches up Old Gent's favourite corn, and rushes off!)*

Old Gent. "PH—O—O—O—O!"

A FILIAL REBUKE.

Squire Quiverful (who has a large family, to his eldest Son). "THESE ARE UNCOMMONLY GOOD CIGARS OF YOURS, FRED! WHAT DO THEY COST YOU?"

Fred. "SIXTY SHILLINGS A HUNDRED."

Squire Quiverful. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT EXTRAVAGANCE! DO YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT I NEVER GIVE MORE THAN *THREEPENCE* FOR A CIGAR?"

Fred. "AND A VERY GOOD PRICE, TOO! BY GEORGE, GOVERNOR, IF I HAD AS MANY CHILDREN TO PROVIDE FOR AS *YOU* HAVE, I WOULDN'T SMOKE AT ALL!"

AN APPETITE FOR INFORMATION.

Arthur (who has been listening with breathless interest to one of Grandpapa's Bible Stories). "AND WERE *YOU* IN THE ARK, GRANDPA, ALONG O' NOAH AND ALL THE REST OF 'EM?"

Grandpapa (indignantly) "*NO*, SIR *CERTAINLY* NOT!"

Arthur. "THEN HOW IS IT *YOU* WASN'T DROWNDED?"

PRETTY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Gallant Scavenger. "VERY MUCH THE GOOD DAY, MADAME! AND HOW FARES MISTER YOUR HUSBAND, THIS FINE WEATHER?"

Polite Applewoman. "MUCH BETTER, I THANK YOU, MONSIEUR! RECALL ME, I PRAY YOU, TO THE AMIABLE RECOLLECTION OF MADAME YOUR SPOUSE!"

Gallant Scavenger. "WITH PLEASURE, MADAME. VERY MUCH THE GOOD EVENING!"

Polite Applewoman. "GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR, AND GOOD NIGHT!"

PROMPT.

Old Party. "REALLY, SIR,—I AM THE MANAGER OF THE LINE, SIR—I MUST INFORM YOU THAT IF YOU PERSIST IN SMOKING, YOU WILL BE FINED FORTY SHILLINGS, SIR."

Fast Etonian. "WELL, OLD BOY, I MUST HAVE MY SMOKE; SO YOU MAY AS WELL TAKE YOUR FORTY SHILLINGS NOW"

MYSTIFICATION.

Our Young Landscape Painter's Preparations are regarded with Intense Interest by the Village Juveniles, who evidently expect a Gymnastic Entertainment—(he frames an Imaginary Picture with his Hands).

Omnes. "HE'S A GOIN' TO SAY HIS PRAYERS FUST!"

ARTFUL—VERY!

Mary. "DON'T KEEP A SCREOUGIN' O' ME, JOHN!"

John. "WH'OI BEAN'T A SCREOUGIN' ON YER!"

Mary (ingenuously). "WELL, Y' CAN I' Y' LIKE, JOHN!"

A DAMPER.

London Guest (who had let fly into "the Brown" at Eighty Yards, and knocked down a Brace). "GOOD SHOT THAT, WITH ONE BARREL, JENKINS! SHOULD THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN A HUNDRED YARDS!"

Keeper. "YESSIR—MASTER REMARKED AS IT WERE A WERY LONG SHOT."

Londoner (gratified). "AH—OH, HE NOTICED IT, DID HE?"

Keeper. "YESSIR, MASTER ALLUS NOTICES WHEN GEN'LEMEN MAKES WERY LONG SHOTS. THEY DON'T GET ASKED AGAIN!"

ON THE BOULOGNE PIER.

(*Two Asides.*)

Young England. "RUMMY STYLE OF AT!"

La Jeune France. "DRÔLE DE CHAPEAU!"

Q. E. D.

"MAMMA!"—"YES, DARLING."—"AM I A BIG GIRL?"—"NO, DARLING!"—"THEN CARRY ME!"

SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

MISS RAPHAEL MAKES A STUDY FOR HER GRAND PICTURE, "THE DAY AFTER THE DELUGE."

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

Contemplative Man (in punt). "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE SPORT, IT'S THE DELICIOUS REPOSE I ENJOY SO."

A DAY AT THE CAMP.

Sentinel. "WHO COMES THERE?"
Sentinel. "ADVANCE, FRIEND!"

Ebriosus. "FRIEND!"
Ebriosus. "ADVANSH! COME, THATSH A GOOD UN!"

HOW MR. PETER PIPER WAS INDUCED TO JOIN IN A BEAR-HUNT NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.

MR. PETER PIPER TAKES UP WHAT HE CONSIDERS TO BE A "FIRST-RATE POSITION." THE FIREWORK IS ABOUT TO BE THROWN INTO THE DEN OF THE BEAR—MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A BEAR IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. MR. PETER PIPER BEGINS TO THINK HIS POSITION RATHER INFERIOR THAN OTHERWISE;

BUT—NOTHING DAUNTED—HE GRAPPLES MANFULLY WITH HIS FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST, AND A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES.

IN DUE COURSE OF TIME MR PETER PIPER AND THE FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE, IN A VERY DILAPIDATED AND EXHAUSTED CONDITION.

HAVING COLLECTED HIS SCATTERED SENSES, MR. PETER PIPER IS DETERMINED TO SUBDUE THE MONSTER OR "PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT" HE PREPARES TO RENEW THE CONFLICT.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ENSUES, AND MR PETER PIPER IS ON THE POINT OF "PERISHING IN THE ATTEMPT," WHEN A TIMELY SHOT FROM HIS TRUSTY SYCE ALTERS THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS.

MR. PETER PIPER RETURNS TO BURHAMPOOR IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER, AND BEGINS TO LOOK UPON HIMSELF IN THE LIGHT OF A HERO.

YOUNG, BUT ARTFUL.

Frank. "I SAY, ARTHUR, I WISH YOU'D GO AND KISS MY SISTER! THERE SHE IS."

Arthur. "ALL RIGHT—WHAT FOR?"

Frank. "WHY, BECAUSE *THEN*, I COULD KISS *YOURS*."

"CLOVER!"

Landlady (to Old Gustleton, who has come down to that nice quiet place, Wobbleswick, for the sea-air). "GOOD CLARET, SIR? OH, YES, SIR, WE'VE EXCELLENT CLARET, SIR, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FROM 'VANG ORDINAIRE,' SIR, AT NINE SHILLINGS THE DOZEN, TO SHATTERLERFEET, AT EIGHTEENPENCE A BOTTLE, SIR!!!"

FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE.

First Foreigner. "M'SIEU, VOOLEY-VOUS ME DIRIGAY LE CHEMENG—A—POUR—DE—OÙ EST LE BEWROW DE POST?"

Second Foreigner (on a tour with his girls). "WE, WE, M'SIEU, VOUS GARDEZ TOO DRWAW PAR LE COTAY DE PLACE OÙ LES—LES OMNIBOOS ARRYTAY——" *(Here he gets flustered by violent nudges from both Daughters.)* "ET ALORS VOUS PRENAY LE—VOUS TOURNAY EN BAS—LE—LE DOOZ—— 'N FACT KEEP STRAIGHT ON, SECOND TURNING T' TH' RIGHT, FUST T' THE LEFT, AND THERE IT IS, JUST OPPOSITE THE CHURCH——"

First Foreigner (enlightened). "OH! THANKY, SIR, MUCH OBLIGED; GOOD MORNING."

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

"I SAY, BROWN, LET'S TRY AND GET INTO THE SAME MOURNING-COACH AS MAJOR BARDOLPH. HE ALWAYS COMES OUT SO JOLLY ON THESE OCCASIONS!"

"TWO'S COMPANY."

Newspaper Boy (suddenly, at Window). "WANT AN *OBSERVER*, CAPTAIN?"
Mathilde (on Honeymoon Trip). "OH, FREDDIE, DEAR! NO! NO!! *DO* LET US BE QUITE ALONE!"

A LITTLE VAGUE!

Affable Landlady (to her new Artist Lodger). "AND I SUPPOSE, SIR, YOU COMES FROM ABROAD?"

Foreign Lodger. "SO! I GOME VROM AUSTRIA."

A. L. "DO YOU HINDEED, SIR? FROM HOSTRIA! AH! NOW THAT'S WHERE THE HOSTRICHES COMES FROM, I SUPPOSE?!!"

TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

Toyshopman. "BEG PARDON, MISS, BUT HERE'S YOUR CHANGE, WHICH YOU'D FORGOTTEN—ONE-AND-NINEPENCE!"

Little Maid. "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! BUT WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE MONEY FROM ANYBODY BUT GRANDPAPA!"

IRRESISTIBLE.

Our Robert (on duty in the Provinces, offering dish to neglected Spinster). "LITTLE DUCK!"

[In such a tone of voice, that, at the risk of the sage and —— she accepts!

SEASONABLE LUXURY.

Old Gent (disgusted). "HERE, WAITER! HERE'S A—HERE'S A—A—CATERPILLAR IN THIS CHOP!"

Waiter (flippantly). "YESSIR. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, SIR!"

NOTHING NEW.

Absent Old Gentleman. "OH! AH! POSTMAN, EH? MY NAME IS—ER—IS—ER—"

Rural Postman. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! MR. ROBINSON. NO LETTER FOR YOU, THIS MORNING, SIR!"

Absent Old Gentleman. "DEEEAR ME! DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE ONE —THIS AFTERNOON?"

GENTLE IRONY.

Crossing-Sweeper. "REMEMBER THE CROSSING-SWEEPER, SIR!"

Fiendishly Irritable Person. "O, GET OUT, AND BE HANGED TO YOU! AND DON'T KICK UP SUCH A DUST!"

Crossing-Sweeper. "LOR' NOW! THERE! IF YOU'D A SENT ME WORD AS *YOU* WAS A COMIN', I'D A HAD SOME TEA-LEAVES LAID DOWN!"

BRIC À BRAC.

Lady Crœsus. "OH, WHAT A SWEET TABLE! WHERE DID YOU GET IT, MY DEAR? OH, I SEE HERE'S THE MAN'S CARD." *(Spelling the label.)* "'TABLE—LOUIS QUINZE.' LOUIS QUINZE! WHAT A HORRID NAME! AND WHY HASN'T HE PUT HIS ADDRESS?"

"TEACH YEER GRAN'MITHER," ETC.

Englishman (to Highland Friend, who is on a visit South, and "fir-rst acquaint" with Asparagus). "MAC! MAC!"—*(in a whisper)*—"YOU'RE EATING IT AT THE WRONG END!"

Mac (who is not for learning anything from a "gowk of a Saxon"). "AH, BUT YE DINNA KEN, MAN, AH PR-RUFFUR-R-RT!!"

TECHNICALITIES.

First Amateur Water-Colourist. "DO YOU *WASH* MUCH?"

Second Ditto Ditto. "NO; I *SCRATCH* A GOOD DEAL!"

DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

She. "NO, DON'T SIT THERE, MR. SPLOSHER—THAT'S MY UGLY SIDE!"

He (wishing to please). "WELL—A—REALLY—I DON'T SEE ANY DIFFERENCE!"

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